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Selections.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

SPEECH OF REV. THEODORE PARKER,

At the Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, January 30th, 1857.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have but a few minutes to speak in, for steam and railroad cars wait for no man. I shall not detain you long, but will call your attention to a few THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

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In America, there are two great Ideas—the Idea of Freedom, which tends to Democracy; the Idea of Slavery, which tends to Despotism.

Between the two there has long been a quarrel, and some little provisional skirmishing. There will soon be a fight, a decisive battle, which determines the quarrel, and gives the continent to one or the other. We are now making ready for action, tucking up our garments, and girding on our swords. Of course, there are two Parties, one for each Idea.

1. The PARTY OF SLAVERY has hitherto had the control of the government, and is now to hold it till 1861. The single head of this creature is in the South; its double tail in the North; for, though single-headed, it is double-headed—monocepalous and duo-setal. It had a Democratic tail and a Whig tail, the latter once a little the longest, and so always behind the other. Freedom trod on the little end of Slavery, the Whig tail, and killed it; yet it did not exactly die; "it kind o' gin cout.' There is still a little life in it about the stump; "it won't die till sundown," as the boys say of other snakes. It is unconscious; it is a Know-Nothing stump of the once long and glittering Whig tail. The Democratic tail still lives. It is coiled up in all the custom-houses, and post-offices, and courts of the whole North—a huge tail and a famous, with a stiog at its tip, and a deal of poison under it; and just as the Southern head wills, so the Northern tail straightens out, or curls up, lies low in the dust, or erects itself to strike Mr. Seward, Chase, Sumner, Mr. Beecher, or more especially the objects of its special hate, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips. For while the head cannot reach the latter gentlemen, the tail is always under their feet, and lies coiled up in official grass, or basking in the Federal sun, ready to strike with its sting, which makes up in power of venom for what it lacks in power to strike.

2. The PARTY OF FREEDOM. This is not yet very well organized, nor well compacted. It has no unity of action, no conscious unity of purpose, only unity of sentiment, perhaps only a unity of tendency, against slavery. There is great odds between the extreme Right and the extreme Left—the one demanding the immediate abolition of Slavery, or else a dissolu' on of the Union; and the other only asking that Slaver y be not spread into Kansas. Still, the Democratic tendency is common to all this host—to such as guard the Ark of Liberty, and the mixed multitude who, with little humanity, have yet come up out of Egypt.

This party has just been beaten. It laid siege to the Federal Government, but could not carry it, and has now raised the siege, yet has by no means given up the determination to conquer. The result of the last campaign was a defeat; its process a victory. Before the election, I thought the question of Slavery might be decided with words and ink; now, I think the last chance for a peaceful settlement is gone by.

The Party of Slavery has a new lease of Federal Power—till 1861. The National Legislative, Judiciary and Executive are all in the hands of the slaveholder. The Slave Power is still the Federal Government. In the next four years, it must make some new assault upon Freedom, as no party loses its continuity of action except with loss of life. For the last twelve years, to go no further back, each successive Administration has done some act of signal service to the Power which controls the American People.

Thus, from 1845 to 1849, Polk, Dallas & Co. were the political agents to do the business of the slaveholder. They re-annexed Texas, made the Mexican war, and, at great cost of money and of men, plundered a sister Republic of an enormous tract of land, whence slave States are one day to be made.

From 1849 to 1853, Taylor, Fillmore & Co. had the management of the political business. The senior partner in that firm, a man too honest to be in such a concern—for it was "a nomination not fit to be made" in more senses than one—soon died, and the survivors managed as they saw fit. They had a whole Omnibus load of "Compromise Measures." The Fugitive Slave Bill was passed; kidnapping became common; practical Atheism was proclaimed as the first principle of Republican Government; the sentence, "No higher Law," was added to the Litany of the Church of Commerce; the State Rights of the North were broken down by the Federal arm of Slavery.

From 1853 to 1857, Pierce, Cushing, Douglas and Brooks have had a general Power of Attorney to do all matters and things pertaining to the triumph of Slavery and the overthrow of Freedom; and most diligently have they done their work. Fillibustering has been encouraged; the African slave trade reëstablished at New York; State Rights further outraged, and the border-ruffians sent into Kansas to burn houses and standing corn, to murder men and to violate women, in order that Freedom may be driven thence. This firm attends to the minute details of slave-driving, and, while it encourages Walker's fillibustering in Nicaragua and Lecompte's bloody assizes in Kansas, it turns Dr. Jackson out of his postmastership at Cresson, because he helped cure the wounds of Senator Sumner, whom one of the slave-driving firm had smitten with a bludgeon appropriate for an assassin's hand.

Now, from 1857 to 1861, if the House does not break before, Buchanan & Co. are to carry on the same business at the old stand—sign of the Spread Eagle and the Thirteen Stripes. What new enormity will be committed by the new agents, I know not. Will Mr. Buchanan add Kansas to the slave territory, or Nicaragua, or a new piece of Mexico? Will he attack Cuba? Will he restore the African slave trade? No man can tell what he will attempt. I suppose the Inaugural will be as pacific as Mr. Pierce's; certainly the next Cabinet cannot be worse than the present, which contains one who seems born to be a *Fillibuster*, and another fitted by nature to profess the gentle craft of *Thimblerig*, and these two have controlled the Administration. All will look mild, and the nation will be quiet, expecting only haleyon days, when of a sudden "Pop goes the President," and Slavery spreads to Mexico or Arizonia, or somewhere else.

One of Mr. Buchanan's friends thus writes of him, (I quote from the *British New Quarterly*), "He has *the habit* (that the historians attribute to Alexander the Great) *of holding his head somewhat inclined to one side,* and sometimes *partially closing one eye.*" No doubt this Macedonian peculiarity will enable him to discover some opportunity to serve his master, and he will have a single eye to the triumph of slavery. He must do something. He is the Federal Head of the Slave Party. He must crawl on to new territory and deposit there the eggs of the cockatrice which it has swallowed for safe keeping. But the effort to do this will cost it the residue of its Northern tail. At the next move, Freedom puts its foot on this also, and in 1861, the Northern Democratic party may be where the Whig party is now—trodden under foot of men. For, if this Administration follows the course of its three predecessors, then all the North, with only contemptible exceptions, will soon be the Party of Freedom. Mr. Buchanan may solve the riddle as he can; but this modern Alexander will need to "hold his head somewhat inclined" to either side, and to open both eyes, in order to escape one or the other horn of this political dilemma. How he can serve the God of Freedom and the Devil of Slavery, at the same time, it is difficult to see. When the British took Philadelphia, in 1777, Dr. Franklin said that Philadelphia had taken the British! So it turned out. The party that was saved by an election may yet be lost by the Administration! You know on what a flood of popular favour Mr. Pierce came into office, and by what an ebb of that tide he is left—where he now is. Mr. Buchanan is like the man who climbed up a tall tree to rob an eagle's nest. Just as he came within a few feet of his prey, and felt sure of his game, the old eagle came soaring on mighty pinions, and with "the terrors of his beak, and lightning of his eye" he scared the marauder to the heart. He began to let himself down; but lo! a new danger! At the foot of the tree sat a monstrous bear, ready to eat him up the moment he should leave the tree. Thus hangs poor Mr. Buchanan on the Presidential tree. If he goes up, the Northern eagle comes on him with a terrible dash; if he goes down, the Southern bear is ready to tear him in pieces. There let us leave him. With such fourfold opposition, the Party of Slavery is sure of ultimate defeat and disgraceful ruin.

Now, this Party of Freedom is free from the responsibilities of office, and need only attend to diffuse and develope its Idea. But, as I just said, there is no unity of action, aim, idea, or purpose—only of sentiment, or perhaps of tendency. Some wish for dissolution of the Union, others for its preservation; but neither considers the Union a Finality of Purpose, only a Provisionality of Means.

The Right wing contend for the immediate Abolition of Slavery throughout all America. On this side are all the four forces I just now mentioned. In this wing there are two persons whom I wish to say a word of—one I have often said elsewhere, but which costs me a little pain to repeat here in their presence. They do not need the word to be said, perhaps you need not to hear it; but it is necessary for my peace of mind to say it, here and now. If the parties concerned do not like it, let them shut their ears.

One is Mr. GARRISON. I think no man now living has done America so great service. He has called the attention of the People to the great Crime of the American State, the great Sin of the American Church; he has foretold the national ruin which it is sure to cause, and has also pointed out the only mode of escape—the Abolition of Slavery, unconditional, total, immediate. He has sought nothing for himself—neither office, nor money, nor yet praise. He has aimed to do his duty to his neighbour and his God; who ever did both more manfully? See what his reward has been? Outwardly, abuse, scorn, hatred, loathing, from the American State, and the hot curses of the American Church. But he has that inward recompense which fails no man—the satisfaction of duties done, yes, of cruel sorrows, innocently and nobly borne. In the history of mankind, I know of no man who has more courageously gone on a forlorn hope, none who has borne a cross so heavy with more sweetness and generous forbearance. His hope never fails, his pity not often, seldom his love.

One more I wish to name is Mrs. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER. Of a living woman, I must speak with more delicacy and reserve, and in nicer words, than of a living man; I would "not overstep the modesty of nature." A poor girl, a widow's daughter, keeping a little ill-paid school in a country town, the voice of Mr. Garrison pleading for the slave fell on her ear, and roused that gentle feminine heart; so the words of great men roused the St. Theresas and St. Catharines in the early days when the Christian Church was not merely a whited sepulchre, beautiful outwardly, but within full of dead men's bones, and all manner of uncleanness. She devoted her spare means and her spare time to the cause of the slave. Miss Dix looks after the crazy—legislatures listen, newspapers encourage, and pulpits whine forth their cheap and popular applause: even the highwayman returns her plundered purse. Miss Nightingale soothes the sorrows of such as bleed in a great, proud nation's cause; and as that blessed angel moves through miles of Crimean agony, sick soldiers, full of thankfulness unwonted in mankind, drag themselves where she is to pass, not that the shadow of this apostle may fall and heal them where they lie, but only that she may hear or see the manly gratitude which goes up from the wounded soldier's heart. The admiring world looks on and does her reverence. But Abby Kelley laboured for the slave. Newspapers mocked, respectable men abused her, the pulpit poured out its paltry curse, and mobs of "gentlemen" threw things too offensive for me to name at the defenceless head of a woman. The slave could not speak his gratitude, even if he ever felt the beautiful emotion; nay, he knew not even that her voice had ever spoke. She outwent the delicacy of her maidenhood, and endured harshness like a stern, harsh-featured man. When her mother, ceasing to be mortal, needed human help no more, the noble girl took the poor little inheritance which fell to her, a few hundred dollars, and gave it to the slave. Thenceforward, her time, her talents, yes, all of her living, and her life itself, was devoted to the slave. Does her voice sound unmusical in your fastidious ears? It lost its sweetness pleading with the rough mobs against the wickedness of State and Church.

Such are the merits of two among the leaders of this Right Wing of the Party of Freedom. But I do not always agree with these men and women. Sometimes I think they do injustice to such as seek the same end by other means. I count it an honour to call Mr. Garrison my friend; I often differ from his opinions. But how brave and heroic has been the conduct of this gallant band the Abolitionists!

> "How they rode onward!
> *Hunkers* to right of them,
> *Hunkers* to left of them,
> *Hunkers* before them,
> Volleyed and thundered!
> Stormed at with shot and shell!
> Boldly they rode and well
> Into the mouth of hell!
>
> Honour the brave and bold!
> Long shall the tale be told,
> Yes, when our babes are old,
> How they rode onward!"

The Left Wing consists of those who work politically, and of course with such tools as they can use in that business. Here are good men and bad men. They fight only with weapons which the Constitution justifies and the laws allow. Some of them put their own interpretation on the Constitution and differ from the unjust deductions or constructions of the Servile Court.

Among the political men of this party, I wish to mention the two Massachusetts Senators, so often spoken of in these debates, and, of course, with varying words. I have so often borne my testimony in behalf of Mr. Sumner, his services are so well appreciated in this Convention, and his noble merits so gratefully honoured by this State, that it may seem superfluous to say an added word. His position is exceedingly different from that of the men on this platform, but he aims at the same end with Mr. Garrison—only by other means. He also hates slavery everywhere, works for its abolition everywhere; but his official position necessitates that senatorially he shall use only *constitutional* weapons. So he is more restricted than Mr. Garrison in his choice of tools.

Mr. Sumner's course has been singularly generous towards his foes. I speak not only of those at home whose birth and breeding might have taught them at least truth and good manners, but of the more open and public enemies who assailed him with different weapons. Since Mr. Brooks struck his coward blow, your Senator has been continually in a condition more painful and dangerous than the newspapers represent or the public know. It is now eight months since the assault; not only has he been kept from the public business of his Senatorship, but there has never been an evening when he could sit erect in a chair—he can only lie on a couch. But no man, I think, has heard him say a word against Mr. Brooks. He has left that for the nation and the world. The assassin has gone home to his God, slain, I take it, by the unskilful hands of his physician—the same who so malignantly attended upon Mr. Sumner. Congress now buries whom once she morally expelled. Of old time, when a warrior went to his grave, men bore his sword on his coffin. A wise and kind woman suggests that a Bludgeon should be carried on the coffin of Bully Brooks; let me add, with a revolver laid at right angles—the Southern Cross.

I must say a word of the other Senator, Mr. Wilson. I do not think justice has been always done him here. Mr. Wilson has come to his present position through a narrow path, which was also steep and otherwise difficult. A country schoolmaster told me, "When Henry Wilson was three-and-twenty years old, I put him through Colburn's First Lessons." He had only one of the great helps to eminence—the one most commonly overlooked—great personal honour! In a time of need, Massachusetts wanted an able Senator—firm, courageous, progressive. She did not go to one of the historical families, nor take a great academic man; she went into a shoemaker's shop, and took HENRY WILSON. Gentlemen, he deserved the place—has he ceased to deserve it now? He has lately made a speech, which contains good things. He believes, "with Franklin, that 'slavery is an atrocious debasement of human nature'—with Adams, that 'consenting to slavery is a sacrilegious breach of trust'—with Jefferson, that 'one hour of American slavery is fraught with more misery than ages of that which we rose in rebellion to oppose'—with Madison, that 'slavery is a dreadful calamity,' that 'imbecility is ever attendant upon a country filled with slaves'—with Monroe, that 'slavery has preyed upon the vitals of the community in all the States where it has existed'—with Montesquieu, that 'even the very earth, which teems with profusion under the cultivating hand of the free-born labourer, shrinks into barrenness from the contaminating sweat of a slave.'" . . "The Senator from Tennessee [Mr. Jones]," says Mr. Wilson, "quoted a remark of mine to the effect that this agitation of the slavery question would never cease while the soil of the Republic should be trod by the foot of a slave. That sentiment I repeat here to-day. I believe it. GOD is the great agitator. While His throne stands, agitation will go on until the foot of a slave shall not press the soil of the eastern or western continent." . . "We believe, with Burke, that 'slavery is a state so degrading to the feelings and capacities of human nature, that it ought not to be suffered to exist.' We believe, with Henry Clay, that 'slavery is a curse—a curse to the master—a wrong, a grievous wrong to the slave; that it is all wrong, and no possible contingency can make it right.'" . . . "We believe in the sublime doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal, and have an inalienable right to liberty. We believe that doctrine to be embodied in the Constitution, that without due process of law, no person can be deprived of liberty. We do not believe, with Mr. Calhoun, the Declaration of Independence to be a 'rhetorical flourish.' We do not believe it to be what Mr. Pettit pronounced it, 'a self-evident lie.' We do not believe it to be 'an eloquent and passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war'—'mere glittering and sounding generalities of natural right.' We believe it to be a living truth, from the pages of the New Testament, expressed in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Constitution of the United States."

He bestows these rather moderate commendations on the anti-slavery men of a different stamp:

"I will do them the justice to say here, that they have for years devoted their lives and their property, and endured contumely and reproaches, for the bondmen of America; and here or elsewhere, while I express my total disagreement with them, I will say that they are men of self-sacrificing devotion, and men of great ability, who have studied the slavery question in all its aspects, collected volumes of statistics bearing upon it in all its relations—men at whose feet the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Bigler) and other Senators who so glibly pronounces them fanatics, might sit and learn something of slavery in America."

He goes on and declares what he considers the design of the Republican party:

"Since I took my seat in the Senate, early in February, 1855, I have travelled more than thirty thousand miles in fourteen of the free States; I have seen hundreds of thousands of American citizens in counsel; I have listened to many of the ablest men in the country; I have counselled with them; and I *never yet heard one word claiming power in Congress, or propo* sing to usurp power in Congress, *to abolish slavery in the slave-holding States.* The venerable Senator from Michigan (Mr. Cass) mistakes in the idea that many persons voted under the conviction that they were voting *for the abolition of servitude in the States.*"

So, then, if the Republican party had come into power, it would only restrict slavery in the territories. I think him a little mistaken in his opinion. I certainly have heard Republicans, and quite prominent Republicans, too, claim the Congressional right to abolish slavery in the slave States.

But Mr. Wilson not only declares that the Republican party does not *now* intend to abolish slavery in the slave States, but he says—

"When the Constitution was framed, the men who framed it did not intend to give Congress the power to abolish slavery in the slaveholding States. Opening the Constitution of our country, we find no power specifically granted to Congress to abolish slavery in these States."

Yet he says elsewhere—

"When the Constitution was framed, there was not a man in America who believed that the idea of property in men, to use the words of Mr. Madison, was embodied in that Constitution."

But Mr. Wilson goes much further. He defends the Union as an End which is to be secured at all hazards, not simply as a Means for the attainment of nobler ends. Thus he says—

"When the Republican party was organized, the avowal was made that the Union must be maintained. The declaration of Mr. Webster, 'Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable;' the declaration of Andrew Jackson, 'The Union must be preserved,' were borne throughout the canvass on all our banners."

Here the Union is the Purpose, not the Instrument, for the security of Liberty, but at least as important as Liberty itself. Now, I venture to state a public secret, that some leading Republicans did not value the Union much for itself; nay, some thought it was a hindrance to both the immediate Welfare and future Progress of the People, and did not much care how soon it should end; but they knew it was a popular cry, and intended to outdo the Democrats themselves in shouting that watchword! The Democrats wanted Union for the support of slavery. The Republicans shouted the old cry, "Union! Union!" But the old faith in Union, for its own sake, is gone by; at least, it seems so to me.

He goes further yet:

"In the public press, and before the people everywhere, the doctrine was maintained that we were for the Union; and if any men, North or South, laid their hands upon it, they should die, if we had the power, traitor deaths, and leave traitor names in the history of the Republic."

This passage, it seems to me, has been condemned more harshly than is necessary. He would hang men as traitors who should lay hands on the Union to destroy it! Exactly so; but the Constitution declares what treason is—"levying war." Of course, it is to be supposed he would say this. Looked at carefully, it means only the same as his oath to support the Constitution and the laws. But I confess I see no reason for the words.

Here is another passage:

"*We vindicate the rights of the States—the right of the Southern States,* if they chose, *to hold men in slavery,* and the right of Massachusetts, Vermont, Michigan and Wisconsin, to protect, by their own legislation, the liberty of every man that treads their soil, until his liberty has been forfeited by due process of law."

I think this the worst sentence Mr. Wilson ever uttered. No word spoken in this Congress has given me such pain. He pledges the Republican party to *vindicate the right of the Southern States to hold men in slavery!* Mr. Webster, Mr. Douglas, has said few things worse than that. I repudiate the doctrine. The Republican party *will not* vindicate the right of the Southern States to hold men in slavery. If it does, then the People of the North will tread the Republican party in the dust, where the Know-Nothings and the Whigs are already gone.

The Republican Convention declared that the rights of the States must be preserved. Did it admit that any State had *a right to do wrong,* and that "right" *must be preserved?* Has any State a constitutional privilege to prevent the attainment of the Purpose of the Constitution, to annul the unalienable right to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness? Whence does such a State derive the privilege? From the Constitution? Does the Constitution, in its provision of means, confer the right to defeat its ends? From the moral nature of man? Does that moral nature authorize slavery, which is "an atrocious debasement of human nature"? Shame on the base, unworthy thought! A shoemaker of Massachusetts vindicate the "right" of South Carolina to hold men in slavery! Has Massachusetts come to this?

We talk a great deal about the compromises of the Constitution: we forget its GUARANTEES. Look at this, from the Constitution itself (art. 4, sec. 4), "the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a Republican form of government." The Nation has not fulfilled that guaranty to the bondmen. I think the "Supreme Court" has not determined what a Republican form of Government is. But there is a Supreme Court of Posterity, which will one day *rule* that to answer that question, an American is not to go to the historic past of Greece, Rome, Venice, Holland, but to the American Programme of Political Principles in the Declaration of Independence; to our Programme of Political Purposes in the Preamble to the Constitution—"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America"—aye, to the Ideal Justice which is dear to the human race, and gets foreshadowed in the Golden Rule of Jesus and the Prayers of noble men. I say, Shame on the Senator who vindicates the "right" of the Southern States to hold men in slavery! All the more shame that he was a shoemaker before he was a Senator, for his continual contact with the daily life of common men should have kept his moral instincts fresh and pure. If shoemakers forget the instinct of humanity, what will ordinary Senators do?

But I do not give up a man for one ill thing—nay, though so ill as this. Henry Wilson has done many noble things; I trust he will do many more. I have always held him to be a brave, an upright, a just, and an honourable man. He has endured temptation before now. In 1848, when the Whigs nominated Gen. Taylor, Mr. Wilson refused to sustain him. He was poor; not very thriving or thrifty, with a family dependent upon him. He was ambitious of the respect of worthy and respected men. Some Whigs told him they would make him agent in their factory, with a salary of $2,500 or $3,000 to begin with, and more in prospect, if he would not oppose Gen. Taylor! "We don't ask you," said they, "to say a word, only to hold your tongue, and let your victuals stop your mouth." Henry Wilson would not hold his tongue; he spoke manfully against the continuous encroachments of the Slave Power, against the corruption of the Whig party.

Last Spring, you know what honourable service he performed after his generous colleague had been so foully assaulted. His own life was in peril—I should not here dare tell you how imminent his bodily peril was, nor how he was defended, nor do I care to remember what other Northern men trembled and turned pale. Remember this—he cannot now go to his place in the Senate without a revolver in his pocket. Let us be just to his error, also generous to the man; for I trust that, as in times past, he will yet do long and faithful service to the great cause of Humanity.

I saw it stated in the newspapers, some time since, that during a debate in the Senate, a Southerner charged Mr. Wilson with saying "that the slaves had a right to rise in insurrection and cut their masters' throats," and Mr. Wilson replied that he had never said so. I do not know his position on that matter, and seldom covet a position other than my own; but I should not have been sorry to be a Senator from Massachusetts when such a question was asked. I would have called the attention of the Senate, of the South and the world, to my words, and then replied that I not only think, but am sure, that the American slaves have the natural, moral right to rise in insurrection and cut their masters' throats for the sake of freedom, and the time may come when it will be their natural, moral duty to do so; and if I were held in bondage as they are, in the centre of the continent, and a file of men two thousand miles long stood between me and my natural liberty, that I would split that thread of life from end to end, and secure my natural right to liberty, even if I hewed down a man at every step, and walked blood red from Texas to Canada. It is high time that this was said at Washington and at Boston! Why, what means that pile of stones at Bunker Hill—what the celebration of the great days of the Revolution, and the memory of its men!

Well, the Idea of Freedom is destined to prevail—to prevail in America and become a fact. Many will falter and turn off, but others will come forward and take their places. There may be unity of spirit and diversity of manifestation. It will be one function of this Convention, of these men and women, to quicken the sentiment of Freedom and Philanthropy, another, to furnish therefor the appropriate Idea—while the Political Abolitionists organize it into the Fact of institutions. So a part of our work must be to criticise the action of others. We have never been charged with excess of lenity to foe or friend. Are we not just enough to be also generous? In the Anti-Slavery Household there must be Fathers and Mothers, yea, Grand-parents also; but likewise babes and sucklings of Liberty. Let us be a little indulgent to the boys and girls; they will be growing while we are working. The Anti-Slavery ladder, like the visionary one of Jacob in the Old Testament myth, has one end in the calm silence of the upper heaven, but the other must needs rest on the poor humble ground. There will be men on all the rounds, and the lower will not always comprehend the higher. But let not him who has climbed as far as Mrs. Foster and Mr. Garrison be over-severe to such as stand lower down, but with faces turned toward heaven. Rather let the lofty cheer and encourage the inexperienced, his voice a trumpet talking with them and saying, "Come up hither!" In the Commonwealth of Liberty, as in the Kingdom of Heaven, "there are shallow brooks which lambs may wade, and rivers also where elephants can swim"; but elephant and lamb belong to the same lord, and brook and river seek the same ocean.

MR. GIDDINGS TO MR. BENTON.

HON. THOMAS H. BENTON—*Sir:* In the reports of your lecture on "Saving the Union," recently delivered in New England and New York, you are represented as saying: "The Constitution of the United States sets out with the declaration that '*slaves are property.*'" That view of our Constitution is certainly important. If correct, it should be understood and admitted by Northern men; if incorrect, it should be promptly met and exposed.

The doctrine that man, bearing the image of his God, immortal in his hopes and aspirations, can be transformed into property, changed from the human to the brute creation, is repugnant to the judgment of mankind; opposed to the teachings of nature and of revelation; in direct contradiction to the intentions and understanding of those who founded our Government; in conflict with the convictions and objects of those who framed our Constitution, and is contradicted in the most emphatic manner by the spirit and letter of that instrument.

It is repugnant to the judgment of mankind. In no age of the world, in no part of creation, has a being existed in the form of man, with the ordinary intellect possessed by our race, who did not feel conscious that no other person could have rightful power over his life, his liberty or his labour. This consciousness was infused into the soul of man at his creation, and constitutes one of the elements of our moral nature. It has never been separated from the soul of man. Neither you, nor the most strenuous advocate of slavery, ever did, or ever will admit that you can be disrobed of your manhood, transferred into a brute and made the property of your brother man. You are conscious that your lungs are inflated by your own inspiration; your limbs move at the instance of your own will, and not at the instance of another; your hands cultivate the earth and gather its fruits under the guidance of your own judgment, and if you fail to feed and nourish your body agreeably to the demands of nature, you die. When you have obtained food for the nourishment of your own body, you will not admit the right of another to take it from you. You are conscious that such robbery would be wrong—an offence against natural justice. Yet these propositions are merely self-evident truths, standing parallel with the absolute right of every man to his own body and the use of his own limbs.

The South Sea cannibals kill and eat the bodies of those whom they conquer; but even the New Zealander denies the right of others to slay and eat him. He is fully conscious of his right to enjoy his own life, liberty and labour; and will shed his blood in defending those rights. He holds that "allegiance to the power which gave him the *form,* requires him to defend the *rights* of man," and Sheridan spoke truly when, in 1782, he declared that "never yet was this truth dismissed from the human heart; never in any time, in any age—never in any clime where rude man had any social feelings—never was this unextinguishable truth destroyed from the heart of man, placed as it is in the core and centre by his Creator, that *man was not made the property of man.*"

The doctrine that slaves are property is opposed to the teachings of *Nature* and of *Revelation.*

In our slave States men are held and treated as property. The owners attach to them the incidents of property. They regard the whole physical and moral being of the slave subservient to the interest of his owner. They seek to prolong the lives of their slaves so far as will be profitable to the master, and no longer. They drive him so hard as to produce death at that period which the owners believe most conducive to their interests. It is a well ascertained fact that 25,000 murders are thus committed on Southern plantations annually, under the excuse that slaves are property. I need not say that such barbarity is revolting to all the feelings of our nature.

Sir, I feel deeply pained when I reflect that a man of your political intelligence charges our Federal Constitution with such heathenish barbarity.

Nature teaches us that the design and object of human existence is to elevate and unfold the intellect, the spirit, the soul of man; that the body is merely the tenement, the habitation of the soul to be nourished and made healthy in order to render it an agreeable dwelling for the moral being. Constitution and laws may direct your body and limbs to obey another man. Slaveholders and pirates may command them to do their bidding, but they cannot control them until they enslave your mind, degrade it, shut up the windows of the soul, enshroud it in moral darkness, and prevent its expansion, its elevation, its enjoyment. We shudder at the contemplation of such violation of Nature's laws.

Nor is the doctrine less repugnant to revelation. The Scripture informs us that the Creator gave to man dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth. These are *property.* The Creator himself drew a very marked distinction between persons and property, and no human laws or human constitutions can obliterate the line of demarcation which he has drawn. Neither pirates nor slaveholders, nor piratical Legislatures, can transform the image of God into that of the brute. True, they may *call* men brutes, or declare them *property;* but they retain the human form, and the soul, though wronged, dwarfed and imprisoned in the dark dungeon of slavery, will burn with immortal desire, and will break from its imprisonment and leave the owner naught but an offensive, putrefying carcass, that he may retain and use as *property;* while the man will repair to the bar of retributive justice, and make his appeal against those who attempt to convert immortal beings into brutes.

If there be any mandate of Scripture, of Christianity, binding on man, it is that which commands us to "do unto others whatsoever we would have them do unto us"; and he who holds his fellow-man as property, while he is himself unwilling to be converted into a brute, is an infidel.

I am aware that you will answer that preachers, even doctors of divinity, teach us that men may innocently hold and treat their brethren of the same church as *property;* that men may rightfully buy and sell the image of God; may without guilt sell the Saviour in the person of His followers. I reply that such teachers are not only infidels but they are hypocrites.

They are far more depraved than were those Algerines who, near the close of the last century, seized and enslaved our American citizens, and held and treated them as property. The civilized world pronounced them heathen, barbarians, *pirates* unfit for human association. Our nation sent a navy and army and butchered them without mercy, and rescued their victims from bondage. But you and every other reflecting man will admit that those Algerines, bred and educated under Mohammedan superstition, were less atrocious and far less guilty than are those Doctors of Divinity referred to; yet they were worthy of death, and were slain, while *some* preachers of our land are permitted to live, and unrestrained they endeavour to corrupt our holy religion, by teaching the most revolting infidelity that ever cursed the earth.

The doctrine that slaves are property is in direct contradiction to the *understanding and purposes of those who achieved our National Independence.*

At the time of our Revolution the rights of mankind had long agitated the civilized world. The divine right of kings, the division of mankind into classes, with various privileges, had surrounded the people of the Old World with institutions which had become petrified with age. These ideas and doctrines were discarded by our fathers, who declared that *all men* hold from their Creator *equal* rights to life, *liberty* and happiness. No language could have been more explicit, no form of expression could have been better understood. If the Constitution regards slaves as property, our Declaration of Independence was an aggregation of falsehoods, and the Revolution itself was a fraud upon mankind.

The doctrine that slaves are property is opposed to the *expressed intention of those who framed our Constitution.*

In the Convention which framed the Constitution, a proposition was made to tax the importer of slaves. Mr. Sherman objected that such a tax would IMPLY *that slaves were property.* Mr. Gerry declared that as "Congress would have no power over the institution within the States, we ought to be careful to *lend no sanction to it.*" And Mr. Madison, since styled the father of that charter of Liberty, declared it would be *wrong* to admit in the Constitution that *men can hold property in men;* and the language was so changed as to read thus: "A tax of not more than $10 for each *person* might be levied," thereby excluding the idea of *property.* This was done by the unanimous consent of the Convention. Not a member objected to Mr. Madison's views. It is clear that the framers of the Constitution, so far from declaring slaves to be property, expressed an intention directly opposed to such a proposition.

The doctrine that slaves are property is emphatically CONTRADICTED *by the spirit and letter of that instrument.*

The objects for which it was adopted pervade every section, article and paragraph. It was adopted "*to establish justice*"; not to establish injustice and crime. The framers declare it was adopted "*to secure the blessings of liberty*"; not to uphold the curse of slavery, or to maintain the barbarous doctrine that man may be converted into property. But the people had contended they had toiled, had fought and bled to establish the heaven-born truth, that all men have *equal rights* to life, liberty and labour; and although the Constitution maintained that doctrine in its purpose and spirit, the people felt that a more explicit declaration of this great principle ought to be boldly and explicitly proclaimed in the Constitution; and some of the States proposed an amendment, declaring that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law: that is, without trial and conviction for crime."

Virginia felt that this amendment would be fatal to all future right to *property in man,* unless it were within State jurisdiction. Her Convention, therefore, proposed to limit the amendment to *free* men, making it read, that "no *free* man shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law." The issue was thus fairly made; it was fairly met and fairly decided. The requisite number of States declared in favour of the amendment as it now reads, and it was adopted, and is a part of the Federal Constitution; and every time you and I have taken the oath of office as Members of Congress, we have sworn that so far as we had influence and power "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law."

If you have sworn to regard slaves, or any other portion of our race, as *property,* you do well to let the country know it. It is the doctrine of Judge Kane, it is the doctrine of Senator Toombs, it is the doctrine of President Pierce, of slaveholders and of the Democratic party. If true, the slave-dealer may not merely bring his slaves into and through the free States, but he may open a market for his women in State street, Boston, in Wall street, New York, or in Chestnut street, Philadelphia. He may traffic in mankind in any free State.

I need not say that Congress has at all times discarded this proposition when brought up for discussion in that body. I need not refer to the fact that it was fully argued before the Supreme Court in 1842; that Judge McLean, to his honour and imperishable fame as a Christian jurist, gave an elaborate and able decision, declaring that the *Federal Constitution does not regard slaves as property.* Nor need I say that Chief Justice Taney agreed with him. Nor need I say that the record shows that the other members of the Court failed to meet the question, not daring to insult the nation or the spirit of civilization by declaring the doctrine which you assert.

I, Sir, have ceased, for the time being, to mingle in the great political conflict now going on in our nation. I am disabled and removed from the scene of strife; but I yet linger upon the field, watching the tide of battle, as it moves slowly onward. I can only aid the lovers of liberty with my pen and my prayers. Here the reports of your lecture reached me, and stimulated me to give some feeble expressions to the emotions I felt on reading the opinion which you advanced. No argument can ever attach Republicans, lovers of liberty, to a Union or a Constitution sustaining the barbarous, the heathenish, the infidel principles which you ascribe to our Federal Constitution. If the Union and the Constitution be preserved, it must be by carrying out the doctrine, the spirit in which they were adopted, and not by engrafting upon the Charter of Liberty a doctrine so abhorrent to its letter and spirit.

It is with emotions of pleasure, of gratitude to God and my countrymen, that I contemplate a great, a powerful and increasing party in our nation, basing its doctrines and its hopes upon the self-evident truth that *all men* are *equally* entitled to life, liberty and property; each member of that party is solemnly sworn that "no person" under Federal jurisdiction shall be deprived of these God-given rights, if their influence or power can prevent it. I would cheer every member of the Republican party, in his efforts to maintain its doctrines by steady, firm, combined and unceasing labour, exhorting them to cast aside all difference of opinion upon other and minor subjects, unite upon the great political, moral and religious truths which constitute their platform, and toil on and toil ever, until our country shall be redeemed from the control of man who would prostitute its powers to degrade a portion of the human family—brutalize and convert them into property.

Very respectfully, JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

Jefferson, Feb. 17, 1857.

HELP FOR THE INDIANS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AT the request of several benevolent citizens I have assumed to address you on the subject which the caption indicates. It is notorious that vast sums of money have been expended, both by the Church and State, with but little benefit to the Indians. The former taught them religious theories, but at the same time they were fed with tobacco and whiskey, and their lands divided among those who should have been to them examples of truth and justice. Hence, as might have been expected, the Methodist Conference in Oregon report as follows:

"They (the Indians) are almost, if not quite, as degraded and as destitute of everything embraced in morality, civilization and religion, as they were when the first missionary to this land found them in their nakedness, their ignorance and their pollution."

As for the civil officers employed as agents among them, there can be no doubt but many of them are clever, upright citizens, and probably not one but what would fill honourably many spheres in life; but the following, which I quote from a California paper of Nov. 15, 1856, is a lamentable illustration of something which should not be:

"The poor Indians of this region are in a suffering condition and humanity demands that something should be done to save them from starvation and extinction. We have an Indian agent here employed by the United States Government to look after these remnants. Why is it that no attention is paid by J. F. Henly, Esq., the Government Indian Agent? We beg leave to call his attention to the sufferings of poor Digger Indians in this country. Many of their own children are as sprightly and susceptible of mental culture as our own. All that is wanting is the fostering arm of the Government."

The natural inference from the foregoing is that if the Methodist Conference report is true (which we shall not dispute), "morality," "civilization," "religion" have not been presented to them in a form worthy their acceptance. Drunkenness, debauchery, destitution and prospective annhilation could not in the nature of things be to them a "Gospel of glad tidings of great joy," and yet this has been the general accompaniment of "the preached Gospel." And in regard to their legal protectors, there is good reason to believe that the above quotation is only a fair specimen of the majority; and indeed how can it

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE.—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1857.

schar was not at all out of the way in his anticipations, for there is no present probability of a cotton supply equal to the wants of our trade, except by some such process as he imagines. To produce more there must be more land brought into the cultivation, and more hands to till it. But more hands cannot be procured, except by a revival of the slave trade in some form or other. Something, indeed, is done already, by letting other countries supply us with slave-grown sugar, while America gives more attention to slave-grown cotton. But we cannot have more American cotton without more American slavery. What are we to do, then, with our philanthropy? Some people will advise us, under the circumstances, to get rid of it altogether; others to keep it for home use. We are of opinion that it may take another form. Instead of always giving the American slave-owner our money and our morality so mixed that he despises the one and hates the other, why cannot we make greater efforts than we have done heretofore to extend the cultivation of free-grown cotton? India, of course, must and will give us more cotton now that the railways are at last forcing their way into the heart of her dense population. Africa, according to Dr. Livingstone, is full of peoples and countries suited, in all respects, to the cultivation of cotton. Everything is ready but that enterprise, and skill, and money, which we only can supply. Why are not these forthcoming? We hear on all sides of capitalists who want employment for their money, adventurous minds who want objects worthy of their genius, philanthropists who want to spend life and money for the good of their species. The complaint is that in this old, used-up earth, there are no new fields of enterprise, no avenues of promotion, not even any good to be done. The religion of the age is continually urging people to some high, dreamy martyrdom. These are grand aspirations. Pity 'tis they should all evaporate in talk, reading novels, or attending religious meetings. Let British philanthropy, science and capital put their heads together, as they have often done before, and seek a common object in the extension of the cotton cultivation without the aid of slavery. It is a work for missionaries and millionaires. It has just that combination of physical and spiritual objects that is most consistent with the general order of this world. We shall be able to know the good we are doing by the good we receive, and the annual delivery of so many hundred thousand bales of cotton on our wharfs will constitute a more trustworthy report than 500 pages of twaddling correspondence.

SENATOR WILSON'S SOUTHERN FACE.

We have before us the late speeches in Congress of A. G. Brown of Mississippi on the Slavery question, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts on the President's Message, and Lawrence M. Keitt of South Carolina on Slavery and the resources of the South. All these speeches contain some correct ideas and some true statements, but all of them are false to liberty. There is a difference in the amount of disregard of the rights and interests of the slave displayed in them, and the difference—what there is of it—is in favour of Mr. Wilson, but it is a difference in degree, and not in kind, namely—Messrs. Brown and Keitt disregard the rights, and acquiesce in the oppression, of all slaves, everywhere: but Mr. Wilson discriminates; *he* disregards the rights, and acquiesces in the oppression, *only* of the slaves in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri; these, he concedes, are to him neither men nor brothers; and in regard to them, in the language of his friend Mr. Webster, he assures his friends the slaveholders [who have somehow conceived a suspicion "that the influence of Northern men in the public councils would *endanger the relation* of master and slave"], that "the suspicion which exists is wholly groundless; there is not, and never has been, a *disposition* in the North to interfere with *these interests* of the South."

It is quite unnecessary for us to present an array of evidence that Messrs. Brown and Keitt are false to liberty; that is admitted. But since, in spite of abundant and oft-repeated proof, many people seem not yet to understand that Mr. Wilson is also false to liberty, we will quote such evidence of this as his speech affords, and show how carefully he is adjusting his service of God in such a manner as not to offend the devil.

Mr. Wilson says, for himself and his party, in relation to the charge of Southern men, that there is a *disposition* in the North to *endanger the relation* of master and slave—

"Sir, I can stand, we can stand here to-day, and say, as the great New England orator then said, that their accusations and suspicions are wholly groundless."

On page 5th, replying to various charges in the President's Message against the Republican party, one of which is that they are "inflamed with a DESIRE *to change the domestic institutions of existing States*," he says, "Sir, I deny *each, every one*, ay, *all* of these charges. There is not the semblance of truth in them."

He proceeds, page 8th, "We went before the country with this declaration, that the Federal Constitution, the Constitution *as it is*, should be preserved"; and "*We vindicate* the right of the States—the rights of the Southern States, if they choose, *to hold men in slavery*"; and he concludes, page 16th, with the promise *silently* to acquiesce in the *undisturbed* and *indefinite continuance* of slavery where it now is, if the slaveholders, on their part, will refrain from extending it further, as follows:

"Senators have told us they want peace—they want repose. Well, sir, I want peace—I want repose. The State I represent wants peace, wants repose. Tens of millions of our property are cast broadcast over the Southern States. The business men, the merchants, the manufacturers of my native State want peace as much as you can want it. *You can have it.* But you cannot have it if you want to extend slavery over the free Territories. You cannot have it if you bring Kansas here as a slave State. *If you want peace, abandon your policy of slavery extension.* Cease all efforts to control the political destinies of the country through the extension of slavery as an element of political power. Plant yourselves on your *reserved constitutional rights*, and we will *aid* you in the vindication of those rights."

All this, observe, is in Mr. Wilson's own speech—quite voluntary and spontaneous. The following statements were made when he was put to the question, by Mr. Brown of Mississippi:

"Mr. Phillips, as the Senator says, takes extreme views. I differ from him *altogether* in regard to them."

"My idea is this: I want all men who are opposed to slavery to take a moderate and reasonable position, to abandon the extreme notions which those men entertain, to oppose the extension of slavery, separate the Federal Government from its connection with it, *banish the negro discussions that we are having in these Halls, and leave slavery to the slave States*, where the Constitution leaves it, to the care of the people of those States. I believe that when that is done, the liberal, high-minded, just men of the South will, *in their own time and in their own way*, bring about a safe emancipation."

Now, what contempt can be too great for the man, who, after having written the following to Wendell Phillips (which had been so thoroughly published that there was no possibility of denying it)—"I hope, my dear sir, that we shall all strive to unite and combine all the friends of freedom; that we shall forget each other's faults and short-comings in the past; and all labour to secure that cooperation by which alone THE SLAVE IS TO BE EMANCIPATED, and *the domination of his master broken*. Let us remember that more than three millions of bondmen, groaning under nameless woes demand that we shall cease to reproach each other, and that we labour for their DELIVERANCE"—could make the above statement to his slaveholding associates in the Senate, and then, when the flagrant contrariety between the speech and the letter was charged upon him, could wriggle out of it by "explanations" which most richly deserve the sarcastic comments of Mr. Brown, and the subsequent derision of the Senate:

Mr. BROWN—If that was the idea of the Senator from Massachusetts when he wrote the letter, he is certainly the most unfortunate man that ever took up a pen to express an idea. While I certainly shall not undertake to say that the Senator's interpretation of his own language is not the true interpretation, I do undertake to say, and appeal to the intelligence of the Senate and the world, whether any other man would put that interpretation on it. When the Senator declared: "Three millions of bondmen, groaning under nameless woes, demand that we shall cease to reproach one another, and that we labour for their deliverance," he used language which would teach every man who read it to believe that he was ready for any scheme which looked to the emancipation of the slaves in the States. There are no three millions of slaves anywhere else groaning under nameless woes, nor enjoying the highest degree of human felicity, or any intermediate state of misery or happiness between the two; the only slaves on this continent to which the Senator could have alluded, were the three millions of slaves in the States; and when he said to Wendell Phillips: "You and I, your friends and my friends, must labour unceasingly for the deliverance of those three millions of bondmen," he must have meant—at least, the human mind will conclude, in the absence of his own denial, that he meant—the slaves in the States. He says he did not so mean, and I am bound to believe him; but I am sorry to trust his candour at the expense of his understanding.

Mr. WILSON—Without interrupting the speaker too much, I wish to say that Mr. Phillips and Mr. Phillips's friends did not so understand it. They know my precise and exact position. The letter was probably hastily and carelessly written to a friend; but the construction the Senator puts on it, no man in Massachusetts ever put on it.

Mr. Brown—I expect the Senator has been explaining it there as well as here (laughter).

We beg that those among the Republicans who *have* a "desire" and a "disposition" to "change" such "institutions" in the Southern States as allow men and women to be bought, sold, worked and bred like cattle, will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Henry Wilson's own (Southern) statement of *his idea*; of *what he wants*; namely (we omit those items which are susceptible of "explanation")—1st, to banish the negro discussions from Congress; that is, to relinquish the one real benefit at present resulting from the perjury by which alone a thorough hater of slavery can gain admission to Congress: (By the way, as at present advised, we must acquit Mr. Wilson of all perjury connected with his oath to sustain the *pro-slavery* parts of the Constitution:) 2d, to leave slavery in the slave States to the care of the people of those States, and to leave emancipation until it is brought about in *their* own time and in *their* own way. But since great numbers of the slaveholders, in words, and all of them in acts, have expressed their determination to make slavery perpetual, and since Mr. Wilson (in his own speech, delivered two days before these "explanations") had said, "*We vindicate* the *right* of the Southern States, if they choose, *to hold men in slavery*"—and again—"Plant yourselves upon your constitutional rights, and *we will aid you* in the vindication of those rights"—it is plain that whatever slave in the whole South undertakes, by force, to assert his "inalienable right to liberty," is to be met by the opposition, not only of his master, but of his master's ally—Mr. Wilson—if Mr. Wilson is to be believed.

When Theodore Parker said, in his admirable discourse last Sunday, on the history and character of George Washington, referring to some disastrous period in the Revolutionary war, "The soldiers ran as cowardly as your Representatives in Washington now run from a bully's threat"—it seemed as if there needed no more special designation to bring to the mind of every individual in the vast assembly the name of Henry Wilson.

Now, the friends of this Honourable Senator, and the Honourable Senator himself, wherever he has an audience that he thinks shallow enough to accept such a vindication as sufficient, will alledge that in these very speeches he said many things really favourable to liberty, and really hostile to slavery. No doubt of it. *But he also said the infamous things above quoted*; and a very large mass of harmless or salutary matter will be poisoned by the admixture of a leaven so putrid. We are not in the least induced to drink an inky looking fluid by the assurance that nine-tenths of it is pure water; the nine-tenths of pure water do *not* communicate their clearness and salubrity to the mixture; the one-tenth of ink *does* make the whole unpalatable and unwholesome.—O. K. W.—*Liberator.*

SITTING BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

Correspondence of The Boston Telegraph and Chronicle.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1857.

It was a remark of an Eastern sage, that it is not easy for a man to ride on two camels. We western barbarians have borrowed the truth in our more homely aphorism upon the difficulty of sitting between two stools. The practice, I fancy, comes to us by nature. The examples of it, at any rate, are frequent enough to justify that opinion. A new man does it every day, and the fun of seeing him come down is always as fresh, as his surprise at a new failure.

The latest experimenters in this old feat are Mr. David Paul Brown, and the Rev. Orville Dewey. The first named gentleman, you will recollect, has recently written a book, about which I confess to knowing nothing, and to never having seen, except on the shelves of a second-hand book-stall, where I am in the habit of looking for things which everybody has forgotten, and next to nobody wants, but which, I suppose, a good many people read, as Mr. Brown expresses his surprise (I have known other authors do the same thing) at its great success. This he says in a letter to a Mobile bookseller, who had written him to say that the book would not have a large sale in that section of the country because the author is an Abolitionist. To the charge he pleads guilty, if by abolitionism is meant "a rational and constitutional opposition to slavery;" but not guilty, if by the term is meant "fanaticism, radicalism, disunion and scoundrelism." Mr. Brown himself evidently thinks that the latter summing up describes the real thing.

It has been supposed impossible to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer, and David Paul has been held as one of the best types of that genus. But he gives in at last, and comes down, to his own surprise, between the two camels. It is remarkable, he thinks, that that other old maxim of the middle course being the safest does not hold good in this great controversy between the North and South, and that the latter should hold him as an Abolitionist, the former as pro-slavery. With all his acuteness he does not see that his middle course was between two stools, as the *paid* counsel of fugitive slaves, on the one hand, and an influential and active member of a party which would subdue the Free State men of Kansas, and extend the curse of slavery over all that vast and fertile region, on the other. Now that he knows that he has come to the ground, my only hope is that he comes down hard.

Dr. Dewey has also written a letter, which the *Evening Post* of Monday publishes. It is in reply to one addressed to him through the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, commenting upon some remarks of his, made last Summer, at the setting out of some trees in the village of Sheffield. He is in the same state of bewilderment as his Philadelphia compeer, the only difference between them being that they have reversed the order of their sitting, Dr. Dewey having tried the Southern stool first, and Mr. Brown the Northern. No; I am mistaken. There is another difference. Dr. Dewey succeeded at first in securing very comfortable sitting. For his willingness to send his mother to the South, the South sent for him to come as Chaplain to Washington. He is grieved and surprised now, poor man, that, when he is disposed to shift a little to the other stool, she should kick her's from under him.

One of the denunciations of the "Good Time Coming" will be that the way of the doughface is hard. But as that epoch has not come yet, it is to Dr. Dewey's credit that he has permitted himself to be tormented before his time. Among the other classical gifts which he possesses, in large measure, is a gift of whine, and he has given it, for several years, unlimited indulgence. He has imagined himself to be the peculiar object of the wrath and persecution of the Abolitionists, whereas, the fact, I believe, is that that class of persons, even supposing them to be in a position to persecute anybody, have never noticed him except when provoked to it by some public demonstration, on his part, upon the question of slavery. His complaint now is, not merely of these distinctive anti-slavery people, but of all those of the North who are disposed to abide by a Northern party. Mr. Brown calls his stools "Northern and Southern ultraism." With Dr. Dewey they are "two fires." He did not like Mr. Sumner's speech, nor the "reprisal" (commend us to delicate terms!) it met with. Mrs. Stowe, he thinks, is unjust, though of a "fine and noble genius." And he did not like Mr. Fremont, nor like "the array of hostility to the South which his party presented." Perhaps he may have some reason to complain, considering past services, that his Southern friends, for such venial faults as he has committed, should kick him off their camel; but he can hardly expect, until he asks in better fashion than this, to do anything but slide when he attempts to mount the other animal. There is "an awful secret," he says, in the Sermon on the Mount against those who charge "bad motives upon their opponents." There is also another Scripture which may be commended to his own consideration on the difficulty of serving two masters.

Mr. David Paul Brown's book, it seems, is not the only one which is likely to meet with a limited sale in Alabama, because of our Northern sin of abolitionism. The *American Almanac* is denounced by a Mobile paper because *The Tribune* is advertised upon the cover. The Mobile editor is as bad as Sidney Smith's friend who spoke disrespectfully of the Equator. The *Almanac* suggests the existence of people who do not hold in proper reverence that Meridian of Creation which lies between Mason and Dixon's Line, the Gulf of Mexico. Y. Y.

MINISTERIAL SLAVEHOLDING.

We copy from the editorial columns of the *Northern Independent* (Methodist), of Feb. 12, the following:

So much, then, for the probabilities and possibilities of ministerial slaveholding among Methodist preachers. But the distinction itself is a burlesque. We might just as well divide drunkenness into lay and clerical, prohibiting the latter and allowing the former. What if we were to deny our ministry, especially our traveling and ordained ministers, the right to steal—and so specify it in the book of Discipline! would not such a prohibition be justly regarded an outrage on all morality? Certainly a people who could thus discriminate between clerical and lay theft, would not deserve to be considered as violently opposed to stealing. The fact of a prohibition restricted to the clergy, would show that in our estimation there was no moral obliquity in theft, and that expediency alone determined us to restrict the practice to laymen or mere local preachers. Such a prohibition would be ridiculous, nay monstrous, but not one whit more so than is our rule forbidding "travelling preachers," and them only, to hold slaves. This act of prohibition shows what estimate we place upon the practice; we treat it as inexpedient, not as immoral.

Surely, where the general estimate of the practice of slaveholding is so very low and doubtful as this amounts to, it is not worth while to be very nice in defending the honour of the Church against the imputation of clerical slaveholding. It is even questionable whether the bare fact of such a partial, ludicrous prohibition does not much more damage to our reputation, than it can ever do us credit. Would it be any honour to find a statute among us inhibiting clerical lying, with the bare possibility of its observance by the the clergy, and the absolute certainty that the vice reigned unchecked among the laity? For our part, we shall never claim it as any honour that our travelling preachers do not hold slaves. We would as soon think of deriving credit from the fact that they are not burglars, or highwaymen, or murderers. That the language of prohibition is, or ever was, necessary to keep either clergy or laity from so foul a sin, is deeply humiliating. If it could be shown that none of our preachers are slaveholders, it would add no more to our credit than it would to show that they are not pickpockets. We shall never be at the trouble of dividing the church into lay and clerical, where vice is concerned. Sin is sin, whether in the layman or the clergyman. The legislating against merely clerical slaveholders, is a sorry business, and the least that can be said about it is best. It was the work of an unfortunate hour. Let no man hereafter inquire whether or not any Methodist preachers are slaveholders. It is preposterous.

We have taken to ourselves quite too much credit for keeping slaveholding out of the ministry. Had we, as a denomination, even succeeded in this thing, in some respectable degree, which we have not, the success would have been a standing reproach. A church that merely pretends to keep its clergy from a shameless vice, like slavery, clearly needs a revival of anti-slavery sentiment and action.

The time has come for us to drop such trifling, and treat slavery as it deserves. It is a crime, and we must put it with crimes. We must not stand diddling with such puerilities as the prohibition of ministerial slaveholding. The age, the Gospel we preach, history, our own common sense, demand a manly course. Were it not that many of our members are actually guilty of this sin, we should be opposed to soiling the pages of the Discipline with a specification of this enormity. It ought to rank with murder, piracy and seduction—crimes which we have not condescended to specifically prohibit, nor disgraced ourselves by forbidding to "travelling preachers."

HOW IT IS TO BE DONE.

Last Wednesday the result of all the labours of the campaign of the last Summer and Autumn was summed up and made manifest before all the world in front of the Capitol. Out of the desperate struggles of that conflict Mr. Buchanan comes off victorious as the chosen among the thousand of the American people. We have no doubt that he expresses the majority fitly—at least, the political majority which the Constitution of the United States is curiously contrived to secure to the numerical minority. He stands for Slavery; and while Slavery is the paramount power in the nation, he may as well be its incarnation as another. Whoever may be our King, Slavery will be Viceroy over him. The battle was fought and lost, and to the victors belong the spoils. Not merely the spoils of Cabinet Offices, and Embassies, and Custom-Houses, and Post-offices; but the more precious ones of the broad lands of Kansas, and, if it be thought best, of the sunnier soil of Central America and the fortunate island that lies in the embrace of the Gulf of Mexico. Kansas is the captive of the bow and the spear of Slavery—of its bowie-knife and revolver, at least, and, of course, it will parcel out her fertile acres to its Border Chivalry, as William of Normandy did England among his mailed followers eight hundred years ago. We know there are sanguine persons who hope that the Jew will be merciful, and not extort his pound of flesh when the law doth give it and the Court awards it—with no gentle Portia to interpose her most extraordinary constructions to turn aside the edge of the sharpened knife. But we think they will know the metal of which the Slaveholding Shylocks are made before another year is out.

We have the question constantly put to us, what are we to do now? And this chiefly by those who went into the conflict which has ended thus disastrously, in the faith that it was a great Crusade against Slavery. What they are to do we cannot precisely tell them just at this point of time. But we can comfort them by the assurance that their hands will yet find work enough, if they have the heart for it. As for ourselves, we shall continue to do precisely the work which we continued to do during the whole of that absorbing contention, and of which, done faithfully for incessant years, that hopeful conflict was the fruit. We shall continue to trust to the foolishness of preaching—to the declaring of the Anti-Slavery Gospel in all its keenness in the ears of the people, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. From the sowing of this seed that harvest which seemed within the reach of the reapers sprung, and it was because more of such culture had not been given to the Northern field that it brought not forth fruit a hundred fold more than it did, even to the satisfaction of the moderate wishes of the labourers. The best thing these disconcerted warriors can do is to help us—even for the accomplishment of their purpose, which is not ours. But, as they will not probably have grace enough for that, they must be satisfied with such measure of political prosperity in the time to come as the Northern heart can give to it, according to the degree in which its stone has been made flesh by the force of Anti-Slavery truth. This will be the precise measure of the success of the next Republican campaign—if such campaign be among things to come.

Among the many plans proposed for the conducting of the war against slavery, we see that our excellent friend Gerrit Smith is still ready with his well-known scheme of operations. All that is necessary is for the majority of the nation—of the North, perhaps, rather—to receive the doctrine that the clauses which are usually supposed to have been inserted in the Constitution of the United States for the comfort and support of Slavery, mean precisely the contrary, and may be turned, liked a captured battery of cannon, on those who had taken shelter under their cover. This conversion in the popular mind will, we freely admit, be followed, when it takes place, by a direct attack on Slavery through Congress and its forcible abolition by the strong arm of the Nation. The difficulty is to make the dull rogues see the truth of so satisfactory an expounding of the Constitution. They will ask for the perception of this new truth those optics keen which it is well known are necessary for the discerning of what is not to be seen. The American people will not accept Mr. Smith as the Expounder of the Constitution in the room of Mr. Webster, killed in the service, for the very simple reason that they know perfectly well what they mean and what their fathers meant by those forms of words. It is the spirit that killeth in such cases as these; and we fear Mr. Smith will find that the letter will obstinately refuse to make alive, charm he never so wisely with it. Slavery is an evil altogether too mighty to be conjured out of existence by any manipulation, however ingenious, of words and syllables. It cometh out of the heart of man and not from any grammatical constructions or rhetorical flourishes, or logical distinctions, or legal disquisitions. When the American people are fully determined to be rid of Slavery, they will be rid of it, and not before; but it will not be by any new twists given to the cobweb-films of the Constitution, but by brushing them out of existence as they rush forward to their design.

Now we have no hostility to Mr. Smith's plan of the campaign, excepting as we regard it radically false in the principles from which it is deduced and therefore one that cannot be prosperous in practice. We hold with him that the pro-slavery clauses of the Constitution are not law, in the true sense of the word, and that they are to be disregarded, and disobeyed, and treated as if they were nonentities by all honest men. But we believe that they are laws, in the ordinary sense of rules of civil action prescribed by the law-making authority, meaning what they are usually construed to mean, and which are to be disobeyed only at the peril of the recusant. And on this simple ground, we decline putting ourselves in situations where we must swear to obey these laws, either in person or by proxy, which we are fully determined to violate whenever we have a chance. It does not follow because a state of things ought not to exist, that therefore it does not. Our fathers ought not, certainly, to have incorporated the support of Slavery in the articles of their political partnership; but we cannot refuse to receive the evidence, internal and external, of what they did do and of what is the express and implied meaning of all the parts of its contents. We daresay Mr. Smith regards a hereditary monarchy and house of lords as wrongful institutions, and he will find no written laws establishing either in England, for example; but it cannot well be denied that they do actually exist and that the whole frame of the government and laws are inseparably connected with these ideas, however inherently vicious a democrat may esteem them. And if they are ever to be abolished it cannot be by verbal niceties, and word-catchings, and refinings; but by a robust opposition to the things themselves in the form and shape which they assume and which is generally conceded to belong to them.

We have no intention of going into a detailed argument in opposition to the positions taken by Mr. Smith—the rather as we have marked out and fortified our own over and over again. But we cannot but think that "the Fathers" would not hold themselves much beholden to him for the defence he volunteers in their behalf. Men, generally, had rather have their hearts impeached than their heads. "Do you know, sir," said an angry customer one day to a hard-headed old merchant, "that everybody says that you are a d—d rascal?" "Do they, indeed?" blandly responded the other; "but does anybody say that I am a d—d *fool?*" We do not think that the framers of the Constitution and their successors down to this day would feel flattered at being told that they have not understood what was meant by it, until interpreters have arisen, within the last dozen years, to prove that the wolf which they were at the pains to dress up in sheep's clothing was no wolf at all, but a harmless and bleating lambkin! Or, if not such originally, that by process of time it has outgrown all its lupine propensities and become *agnine* to the last degree in its whole nature. We admit that the majority of the men who made and who confirmed the Constitution religiously believed that Slavery would die of an atrophy as soon as the Slave Trade ceased; and they worded their Instrument of Government in such a way that it might not appear on the face of it that Slavery ever existed. But nevertheless they worded it so that the force of those clauses of the fundamental law should last forever if Slavery should survive the fatal day their hopes had assigned it. Now, we heartily wish that Mr. Smith's theory were the true one, and that the North, by its numerical force, might honestly abolish Slavery in the States by act of Congress under the Constitution. But we can't accept it, because, as the late Jeremiah Mason used to express his dissent to the opinions of the New Hampshire Judges, "*'taint law!*" And this being the case, it seems to us that the philosophy of the boy in Mr. George Bradburn's old story of the question as to how many legs the calf would have if you called his tail a leg, is the true one. Rejecting the paternal admission that in the supposed state of things the quadruped would become a *quintuped*, "no," he exclaimed, "for *calling* the tail a leg does n't *make* it one!"

So we do not believe that any change of nomenclature, or any new arrangement of words, or any ingenious gloss upon them, can ever change the diabolical sense of the wicked clauses of the Constitution. Still, we are entirely willing to be convinced, and hope all who receive Mr. Smith's way as the most excellent will comply with his earnest exhortation to go to the Rochester Convention, next June, and, in the meantime, to "lose not a day to send their names to William Goodell, No. 48 Beekman street, New York." We think these excellent and ingenuous gentlemen might use their time and talents to greater advantage. We think Mr. Smith's apprehensions as to the numbers who will go up to Rochester, or go thence into the field on this errand, will be confirmed by the result. The time that they must devote to acute verbal and logical disquisitions, which only lighten round the head, but never touch the heart, were much better given to arousing the conscience of the nation to the guilt of slaveholding and of their complicity in it. These gentlemen may rest assured that what the American people need is a real desire to get rid of Slavery, and not the discovery of a new way to do it. When they are fully resolved that Slavery shall be destroyed, they will find the means of doing it fast enough. The eloquence of Mr. Smith, stirring as it is, we think he will find bestowed in vain on the heads of his fellow-citizens, to persuade them that the Constitution is an Anti-Slavery document; while we are sure that it might convict many hearts of their guilt in this matter and excite an honest hatred of Slavery which would not rest until it had found some relief of effort. We cannot but think that Mr. Smith puts the cart before the horse. The best method in the world can be of no avail until it can be put in motion. What we lack is a sincere abhorrence of Slavery on the part of the people, a clear perception of the way in which they support it and how it uses them, and a resolute purpose to abolish it. When these ideas have possessed the general mind of this generation as fully as the idea of independence possessed that of the generation of '76, they will work out their accomplishment, in some way, by the Constitution or over it, through the Union or by its disruption. It is the business of the American Anti-Slavery Society to bring about this revolution in the kingdom within men's breasts, being assured that it will be reflected by an answering revolution without. We have good reason to be satisfied with the proofs we have already seen of the soundness of our method, in the application of which we shall be most happy to receive the helping of Mr. Smith and his friends.

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society, in common with the other National Associations organized by the leading sects of the country for the purpose of propagating, at home or abroad, the doctrines and practices of the popular religion, has always rendered "aid and comfort" to slaveholders, not only by refusing to testify against slavery as a sin, but by recognising, both in the collection and disbursement of its funds, pro-slavery and slaveholding ministers and churches as ministers and churches of Christ. Some years since, in order to propitiate the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, it adopted a rule binding itself not to employ slaveholding ministers as missionaries, but it has continued to give aid to slaveholding churches and to send its agents to such churches to solicit funds. Meanwhile [illegible] ure of the anti-slavery sentiment, somewhat [illegible] for a time but not satisfied, has been growing stronger, until the Society has been constrained to take another step in obedience to its urgent demands. On the 22d of December last, as we are informed by the Chicago *Congregational Herald*, the Executive Committee, in response to a memorial from the General Association of Iowa, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That in the disbursement of the funds committed to their trust, the Committee will not grant aid to churches containing slaveholding members, unless evidence be furnished that the relation is such as in the judgment of the Committee is justifiable, for the time being, in the peculiar circumstances in which it exists."

One of the Committee, writing to the editor of the *Congregational Herald*, says:

"This we mean to carry out faithfully. We are to be the judges, and not the church or presbytery. The facts must all be spread before us, if they ask our aid, and if the slaves are held under ordinary circumstances, no aid can be granted. Slaveholding in its proper sense we abjure. * * * * For years we have been making inquiries of the [slaveholding] churches asking aid, and their number has been reduced. This will make a finish, except in such cases as you, and others as decided, would say ought to be helped—since though the relation remains, it is not, in the sight of God, slaveholding."

This promise to "carry out the resolution faithfully" *may* be fulfilled, but we find it difficult, we confess, to confide in the integrity of men who, according to their own implied confession, have kept the Society in a pro-slavery position for the last twenty-five years, and who, we have every reason to believe, have been induced to take this step rather by the pressure of public opinion and the fear of losing patronage than by a sense of the guilt incurred by their past course. We can never believe such men thoroughly *in earnest* in any anti-slavery professions they make, until they openly confess their sins and eschew the mealy-mouthedness which can never condemn slavery unequivocally, but must always be prating about pious slaveholders, who are such by constraint and not by their own choice. This is the very covert which has long afforded a shelter for the guiltiest of all slaveholders, viz.: those whose example confers upon the system the sanctions of religion. If it were not for the influence of this class, the contest with slavery would be, comparatively, an easy one.

Of the effects likely to follow this action of the Society, the *Congregational Herald* speaks as follows:

"What, now, will be the effect of this resolution upon the public mind, and upon the interests of the Home Missionary Society? It is not difficult to foresee. It will be hailed with almost unanimous satisfaction by Congregationalists in every State. They have long desired it; for it is our pride and recommendation, that we have no direct ecclesiastical connection with slaveholders, and that we favour the immediate application of the Gospel to slavery for its utter extirpation. This resolution will remove the difficulties which some have felt with respect to the American Home Missionary Society, and will, ere long, secure united cooperation in all our churches.

"The principal opposition will come from the New School Presbyterians. Many of them are ultra conservative and pro-slavery, especially in and near New York and Philadelphia, and, of course, further South. They have a somewhat large and increasing portion of their denomination at the South. Their denominational pride and ambition will be touched; for all the churches that will be excluded from aid by the new rule, will belong to their body. The Home Missionary Society may, therefore, expect a fierce opposition in that quarter. Those who have sustained the 'Southern Aid Society' on conservative grounds, and those who have been jealous of the Home Missionary Society for denominational reasons, will unite in denouncing this action. They will probably declare it to be a radical, ultra-abolition measure, a Congregational trick, and an infringement of the rights of the General Assembly and of the basis of union in the Society. 'What,' they will exclaim, 'shall a needy church, that is in good standing in its Presbytery and on the roll of the General Assembly, be cast out and denied aid, because it contains members whom the Home Missionary Committee at New York deem to be unworthy? If our denomination is united with Congregationalism in the work of Home Missions, then we demand that all churches which are in good standing on our roll be recognised as worthy of aid if they need it."

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"Let the General Assembly undertake to withdraw its churches from cooperation with the Home Missionary Society on the ground of opposition to this resolution, and it will find that there is a North as well as a South. Such an attempt would result in an immediate division of the denomination, or else in a perfect stampede of churches and ministers at the West, rushing into the 'Free Presbyterian' Church or into Congregationalism.

"And yet this resolution must occasion a severe struggle in the New School Assembly next Spring, when North and South meet on the common platform, all on the same footing—Dr. Ross equal with Mr. Barnes, slaveholding ministers and elders side by side with Abolitionists and churches repudiated by the Home Missionary Society in as good standing as those accepted and aided by it! We are sorry for our Northern New School friends, especially if they are trying to cherish anti-slavery convictions. They are chained to the polluted corpse of slavery, and stand before God, angels and men with a confession that their boasted system of strong and efficient government has no provision by which the bond may be sundered! Will not the churches, meditating upon 'the signs of the times,' reflecting upon what God is demanding of his people in opposition to such a crime as slaveholding, begin to inquire whether so unfortunate and inappropriate an organism—one so powerful for evil and so impotent to good—has any scriptural sanction?"

This self-complacency on the part of Congregationalists, when comparing themselves with Presbyterians, has no adequate warrant in the facts of the case. To say nothing of the fraternal relations which have always subsisted and do still exist between the two denominations, the Congregationalists should be ashamed to utter a single anti-slavery boast so long as they "build the tomb" of Dr. Woods and "garnish the sepulchre" of Prof. Stuart, and at the same time hug in close embrace such defenders of slavery as President Lord and South-side Adams. If they "have no direct ecclesiastical relations with slaveholders," then they have been less tempted to sin in this matter, and their guilt is proportionably augmented.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

This Society has lately given a fresh illustration of the pro-slavery spirit that has always ruled its proceedings, in appointing as a Vice-President Judge John B. O'Neal, of South Carolina. This man is an inveterate slaveholder, and has for many years given to slavery not only the weight of his example as a member of the Church, but of his influence upon the Supreme Bench. In 1843, a free man of colour, named John L. Brown, was indicted as a slave-stealer for having taken his affianced wife, a slave, with him in the cars from Fairfield District to Columbia. He was convicted, and on the 18th of Dec., 1843, Judge O'Neal pronounced upon him the SENTENCE OF DEATH in the following words, whose cool atrocity sent a thrill of indignation through the civilized word:

"John L. Brown, it is my duty to announce to you the consequences of the conviction which you heard at Winnsborough, and of the opinion you have just heard read, refusing your twofold motion in arrest of judgment for a new trial. You are to die! die a shameful, ignominious death, the death upon the gallows. This announciation is to you, I know, most appalling. Little did you dream it when you stepped into the bar, with an air as if you thought it was a fine frolic. But the consequences of crime are just such as you are realizing: punishment often comes when it is least expected. Let me entreat you to take the present opportunity to commence the work of reformation. Time will be afforded to you to prepare for the great change which may be just before you. Of your past life I know nothing, except that which your trial furnished. It told me that the crime for which you are now to suffer was the consequence of a want of attention on your part to the duties of life. The 'strange woman' snared you; she 'flattered with her words,' and you became her victim. The consequence was, that, led on by a desire to serve her, you committed the offence of aiding a slave to run away and depart from her master's service; and you are now to die for it. You are a young man, and, I fear, have been an idle as well as a dissolute one. If so, these kindred vices have contributed a full measure to your ruin. Reflect upon your past life, and make the only useful devotion of the remnant of your days in preparing for death. 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' is the language of inspired wisdom. This comes home appropriately to you at this trying moment. You are young, quite too young to be where you are; and if you had remembered your Creator in your past days, you would not now be in the felon's place to receive a felon's judgment. Still, it is not too late to remember your Creator; he *calls early*, and he calls late; he stretches out the arms of a father's love to you, to the vilest sinner, and says, 'Come unto me and be saved.' You can perhaps read; if you can, read the Scriptures; read them without note, and without comment, and pray to God for assistance, and you will be able to say, when you pass from prison to execution, as a poor slave said, under similar circumstances, 'I am glad my Friday has at last come.' If you cannot read the Scriptures, the ministers of our holy religion will be ready to aid you; they will read and explain to you, until you will be able to understand, and, understanding, to call upon the only One who can help and save you, Jesus Christ, 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.' To Him I commend you; and through Him may you have that opening of the day-spring of mercy from on high which shall bless you here, and crown you in an everlasting world as a saint forever and ever. The sentence of the law is, that you be taken hence to the place from whence you last came, thence to the jail of Fairfield District, and that there you be closely and securely confined until Friday, the 26th day of April next, on which day, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, you will be taken to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck till your body be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

The judicial Pecksniff who uttered this compound of legal villany and pious blasphemy, coolly sentencing to the gallows a poor ignorant coloured man for seeking to enjoy unmolested the society of one to whom he was bound by the most sacred of human ties, is chosen by the American Bible Society to be one of its Vice-Presidents! The honour may have been intended as a recognition of the Judge's remarkable qualifications as an *interpreter* of the Bible, as indicated by an example which *The Independent* thus records:

"A member of a Congregational church in this city ventured to remonstrate with Judge O'Neal against the cruelty of the conviction and the language of the sentence. He appealed to him as a man—a father—a philanthropist—a professed Christian. The Judge, while defending himself as a slaveholder, and justifying slavery from the Bible, attempted to justify his conduct, first by contending that as a magistrate he was bound to carry out the act of the Legislature; and secondly, when told he ought to have resigned rather than have sentenced poor Brown to death, by an endeavour to defend the law from the Bible! 'Do you not know,' said he in effect, 'that the statute is founded upon the Scriptures? Are you, a member of the church, so ignorant of the Bible as to have overlooked this passage: *He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.*'"

Could any Doctor of Divinity have tortured more ingeniously the law against man-stealing, making it justify more effectually the very crime it was intended to denounce and punish? We really think there is nothing better than this even in Prof. Stuart's "Conscience and the Constitution." It is meet that a magistrate who thus reverences the Scriptures should be conspicuously honoured by the American Bible Society!

As some of our readers may, perhaps, have forgotten the history of John L. Brown's case, it is proper to remind them that in consequence of the indignant expostulations and rebukes pured into South Carolina, not only from citizens of the United States, but from Great Britain, the sentence of death was remitted by the Governor, on condition that the prisoner should remain in jail four months, and then receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back! But the indignation and horror so generally evinced by humane and Christian people were so great that when the term of imprisonment was about expiring, the Governor, as was said in South Carolina, at the intercession of some of the people of Fairfield district (Brown's neighbours), granted him a full pardon.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

This question is before the Legislature of New York in a shape involving two points, viz.: first, whether the right to vote shall be enjoyed by coloured men; secondly, whether the right shall be made to depend upon ability to read and write. On the 17th ult. Mr.

merits is the choice which it made of a standard-bearer in the late Presidential canvass. Col. Fremont is an intellectual man and a scholar; a renowned benefactor of his country, and an earnest opponent of the extension of slavery; and I only regret that he was not an Abolitionist, and was therefore not entitled to the votes of Abolitionists. But the Republican party is not an Abolition party. Not even those parts of slavery which exist within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government does it propose to abolish. It says nothing against slavery in the District of Columbia; nothing against the coastwise slave trade which is carried on under the laws of Congress; nothing against the inter-State slave trade. It lets the thrice infamous Fugitive Slave Act have its course. What a party for an Abolitionist to join! And what a party for him to remain in is that which treats him with unmeasured scorn! Now that the Republicans have got the votes of the Abolitionists, they can express their contempt and loathing of them with entire impunity. It would seem to be a leading object with the Republican orators in Congress to commend themselves and their party to slaveholders by showing how much they despise and shrink from the Abolitionists. Senator Trumbull spoke but as other Republican members of Congress speak, when he said, the present session, "Not only the President, but Senators here may abuse the Abolitionists as roundly as they please, and they will never find me a defender of them on any occasion." If it is true that some people have been known to be kicked into self-respect, then is there hope that even the Abolitionists may attain to this virtue, for there certainly never was a people more extensively favoured with subjection to the humiliating process.

So far from its being an Abolition party, the Republican party is, in one very important view, doing much more than any other to fasten slavery on the nation. Not that it so intends, but because, being in some degree an anti-slavery party, its concessions in behalf of slavery have a thousand-fold more force than the greater concessions of the pro-slavery parties.

THE MORE PROTESTANT, THE LESS PRO-SLAVERY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Independent*, writing from Louisiana, relates a conversation he had held with a French Catholic there, which is suggestive in more views than one. The slaveholder was plainly one of those children of the world who are wise in their generation. The position he took has long seemed to us a very shrewd one, and we have wondered it has not made more converts in the South to that most accommodating of all churches, which know so well how to become all things to all men. It accounts at the same time, of course, for the comparative unpopularity of Liberal Christianity wherever a religion is wanted to uphold any oppression. The correspondent writes—

"I told him in substance what I wrote and sent to your journal, and then added that if the Bible, or at least the Old Testament, was so much in favour of slavery as Southern people pretended, they ought to imbue their 'servants' with it. Why don't they teach them to read, and put the Levitical law and the rest of the Scriptures into their hands? He *smiled*, perhaps, if I was willing to say so, *laughed* in my face, and said, 'You Northern people are very simple. You don't seem to comprehend that all the South has to say about the Bible is an *argumentum ad hominem*, intended to parry off the thrusts of you Puritans, and perhaps to be used as an opiate to the consciences of some few Bibliolaters among ourselves. The really honest view of all with whom I am acquained is that the Bible would be the most dangerous of books to be put into the hands of our servants. They think, in fact, like good Catholics, that ignorance is the mother of devotion. I am satisfied,' continued he, 'that within a generation, our Catholic principles will be the only ones by which the slaves can be governed, and particularly that the confessional will be the great political instrument to keep down insurrections. It is true that the ministers of your sect'—he meant Presbyterians, I suppose—' are servile enough in helping our planters, by their religion, to govern their servants; they act as a sort of slave-drivers of the conscience; and as for the rest of your Protestant sects, by the way, they have to bid against one another to secure the patronage of the planter, so that they are pretty sure to be subservient. But as I was saying, subservient as you Calvinists are, something of the leaven of the old German radical works in them, or rather through them, so that, in a course of years, I think that Presbyterian slaves and their teachers will need looking to. I anticipate, therefore, the final triumph of the good old Roman apostolical faith in the Southern States'"

"Presbyterian slaves and their teachers will need looking to" by the South. Of course they will; and so, for the same reason, will the more Protestant Protestants need still more of this careful supervision. If a Presbyterian is dangerous to slavery "because something of the leaven of the old German radical works in him," will not the more thoroughly radical advocates of Christian liberty be wholly intolerable?

It is not a new observation that precisely as sects agree more or less in dogmas with the pliant and politic Holy Roman Catholic mother of churches, and of abominations, they become acceptable to tyrannical governments. The least offensive of Protestant denominations at the South is the high and dry Episcopal Church, so conservative of what is ecclesiastically established that it can take little notice of what is politically or socially unjust. Next in acceptance comes the wide spread, aristocratic Presbyterian fold, not much more republican in polity, but still oligarchic and semi-prelatic, the difference being that it has a great many more bishops, if the jurisdiction of each is less extensive. The humbler and more democratic sects recede in the same proportion from Rome and from the mad enthusiasm for slavery. The Methodists, when they pretend to Bishops, are most in favour with the admirers of the Patriarchs and their institutions. The so-called Protestant Methodists, repudiating even the quasi-Episcopacy of their more lordly brethren, stand in bad odour at the South, as they cannot quite forget that their founder, who never was a bisbop, used to call slavery the sum of all villanies. The Baptists flourish south of the Mason-Dixon line in proportion as they sink Roger Williams's principles of liberty and encourage the growth of a hard shell over them, decrying works and clamouring a faith more technical than moral.

Congregationalists do not flourish in the thick atmosphere of slavery, and least of all those most consistent and thorough-going Congregationalists who encourage all freedom of thought and consequently all other legitimate freedom, protesting against Popish subserviency to human masters in any shape.—*Christian Register.*

A NORTHERN VIRGINIA EMIGRANT AID SOCIETY.

From The New York Herald, February 28.

WE are informed from an authentic source that the Hon. Mr. Thayer, the leading spirit in the organization of the Kansas emigrant aid societies of the North, has, in conjunction with some other enterprising individuals, resolved upon the practical experiment of a great Northern Emigrant Aid Society, for the relief, resuscitation, and regeneration of Old Virginia.

The plan is simple enough, entirely feasible, and will no doubt, if put into practice, prove immensely profitable. It is proposed to raise a capital of three or four millions, and to use it in the hands of an enterprising company—first, in the purchase of some of the millions of the waste and worn out lands of Virginia (especially of Eastern Virginia); and, secondly, in the settlement of those lands by Northern and European colonists, allowing to each family from fifty to two hundred acres; thirdly, it is proposed to establish factories, villages, schools, &c., at eligible sites.

The results anticipated are—first, such large profits to the company as will enable them to extend very largely their sphere of operations; secondly, the introduction into Virginia, in the course of eight or ten years, of at least two hundred thousand emigrants, without niggers; thirdly, the rapid development of the dormant agricultural, commercial, manufacturing and mineral resources of the State; fourthly, such an impetus to the policy of free white labour as will speedily dissipate the existing system of slave labour; and lastly, the triumphant accession of the great Commonwealth of Virginia to the free States of the Union.

Such is the present grand emigrant aid project of Mr. Thayer and his associates; and such, in brief, are their calculations. To some extent, in Fairfax County, for example, these Northern colonists have been tried, and have proved highly successful to all concerned. But the subject is a great one, the scheme is a grand one, and the field so inviting that we shall touch upon it again. What say our Virginia newspaper cotemporaries?

REMARKS.

We most strenuously recommend all Europeans to avoid emigrating to Virginia, or any other slave State, or to Kansas, or any other Territory where slavery exists. In all those countries the slavocracy rule and ruin. Emigration to Virginia has uniformly proved unsuccessful, and will continue to do so. Any attempt to regenerate or reform Virginia whilst it is under the absolute control of the slavocracy will end in utter defeat and mortification.—*European.*

A MAN-STEALER IN A NEW YORK PULPIT.

[Prof. Mattison, the Corresponding Editor of *The Northern Independent* (Methodist, Auburn), lately visited New York, and attended Sunday service in the Trinity M. E. Church, where he heard a sermon from the Rev. M. F. Deems, formerly of the University of North Carolina. In a letter to the paper above named, he says:]

ON Monday morning we chanced to ride down town in the cars with Dr. Deems, who had preached at Trinity the morning previous. The conversation turned upon the new paper, slavery, etc.; whereupon the Doctor coolly informed us that he was "*the owner of several slaves*"—that he "felt no more conscience about owning his cook than he did about owning his wife," &c. We asked him if the relation which Southern gentlemen sustained to their wives was that of master and slave? to which he made no reply.

He stated, moreover, not only that three-fourths of the members of his Conference were slaveholders, but that several members of the Baltimore Conference were slaveholders also. He said the slaves were usually deeded to some other person, but were *in fact* owned by the preachers. Were some of these slaveholders in the last General Conference?

The General Conference of 1848 refused to receive Dr. Pierce as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, or to fraternize with them. Thus the Methodist Episcopal Church disfellowshipped these slaveholding Methodist preachers in the most emphatic and solemn manner. It is, consequently, the duty of every Methodist preacher to carry out this expressed will of the General Conference. No preacher has a right to set the authority of the Church at defiance, by publicly recognising ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and even slaveholding preachers, as ministers of Christ. And yet what are the facts? Why, these slaveholders are not only welcomed to our pulpits in Baltimore, and along the "border," but even in Philadelphia, and Newark, and New York. Bishop Pierce was publicly associated with Bishops Janes and Simpson, in the dedication of the Broad street church, Newark, N. J.; and now a slaveholding Doctor of Divinity has been introduced into the church we toiled so hard to rear—the best Methodist church edifice on this continent—to show the people the way to heaven! And what is worst of all, this same D.D. was extremely tenacious upon the subject of holiness, and is himself a *professor of entire sanctification!* There, you have it—a sanctified slaveholder! But that is no worse than Dr. Stevens's idea of an anti-slavery slaveholding Church. It is all of a piece with fresh salt, dry water, rum-drinking temperance men, chaste prostitutes and holy devils.

Every pulpit entered by a slaveholding preacher ought to be sent to quarantine, like an infected ship, and there washed, and scraped, and fumigated, and then re-dedicated. It is a *desecration* of our holy places—a *solemn mockery*, not only of the General Conference, but of all religion—for a slaveholder to preach in one of our pulpits. We presume Dr. Foster was not aware that Dr. Deems was a slaveholder.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

THE St. Louis *Republican*, a journal that has made itself notorious as the principal organ and advocate of the border ruffians, feels the growing sentiment against slavery in Missouri so strongly as to be compelled to speak on the subject as follows:

"Slavery will never be formally abolished in Missouri. Emancipation, either immediate or gradual, will never be enacted into law, in this State. But yet slavery will soon cease to exist in Missouri. The fiat is irreversible. It will not be abolished. It will disappear. It will melt away, as the snows of Winter. It is going now; and once started, it will gather increased acceleration, like a stone rolling down a mountainside.

"It is a strange thing that just as the pro-slavery sentiment in Missouri was supposed to have reached its acme—just after pro-slaveryism had invaded Kansas, in the riotous self-sufficiency of determined propagandism—just after all other parties in the State had succumbed to the dominancy of the party arrogating to be, *par excellence*, the pro-slavery party of the State—just after the entire South had proclaimed their pride in Missouri as the bulwark and very citadel of the 'Institution'—it is strange that at this very instant the fatal secret should leak out and be whispered through the land, that slavery is waning in Missouri, and *to be waning is to be dead.* It is as if a warrior, clutching victory in the fight, should, that instant, have an arrow pierce his heart.

"We have no words to waste on the theoretic view of slavery. We are not opposed to slavery *per se.* It is an institution useful to heathen races, whom it Christianizes and enlightens. It is useful to commerce and civilization, in furnishing it with cotton, sugar and coffee, products that free labour will probably never yield in abundance sufficient to supply the wants of the world. It is useful, again, in the development of the highest qualities of a *governing class*, as evidenced in Southern ascendency in the political history of this country.

"So much for slavery *per se.* But it is out of place in Missouri. We have enough slaves in Missouri to deter hundreds of thousands of free labourers from coming here. But we have not enough to do one-tenth of the servile labour of the State. So Missouri languishes. She is neither free nor slave. She would be better off either with a half million more slaves or with none at all. And, as the slaves cannot be had, and the State must take a more positive character than she has heretofore held, slavery is of its own accord yielding, and will rapidly disappear from the State. The fertile fields, the vast forests and rich mines of Missouri must be worked, and will be. It is manifest destiny. As the slaves cannot be got here to develope the wealth that God intends shall be developed, free white men will—and that is the end of slavery."

The rabid pro-slavery journal that talks in this strain is published in St. Louis, where public sentiment recognises the decline of slavery. Therefore, while it loves and glorifies the institution, it is compelled to treat that public sentiment with respect, and openly acknowledge that slavery in Missouri is doomed. This is a hopeful sign. Let slavery disappear in Missouri, and that State will almost immediately become one of the wealthiest, noblest, and most populous States in the Union. What a vast flood of emigration would move into Missouri if it should cease to be a slave State!

The German papers of Missouri very generally come out in favour of free labour in that State, as likely to advance its domestic prosperity. The *Anzeiger* declares that the question cannot be too much discussed, and that the "Emancipation party in St. Louis is already stronger than the Benton party ever was." The same paper declares that, notwithstanding the movement was so sudden, it has gained many unexpected friends and supporters in the ranks of the National Democracy. The *Anzeiger* adds: "It is certain that St. Louis, and probably a few other Counties, are ripe for this agitation, and that any movement on the part of the borderers in Western Missouri to interfere again in the affairs of Kansas will certainly be the signal for the agitation of the question of emancipation in Missouri." The *Volksblatt* also occupies much the same ground.—*Boston Telegraph.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1857.

"THE King is dead; long live the King!" was the old form of announcement of the death of a French monarch. That royalty never dies is as true of the Republic as of the Empire. As a benign prince illustrates his accession to power by some great act of clemency—as visiting the widow and the fatherless, by some great act of public charity, or opening the prison-doors to them that are bound—so at coronations sometimes with us the Royal Prerogative is exercised that our Lord and Master also may be held in perpetual remembrance. In those old forms of government, which our newspapers and orators so love to call worn out and effete, in these occasional recognitions of the subject by the supreme power, the relation between them is supposed to be the beneficent and sacred one of father and children. In our newer form—the "sublime spectacle" of self-government—there is no pretence of any relation either beneficent or tender. Whatever there is paternal in it is only the paternity which the slave-driver has to the parti-coloured children of the plantation; and whatever there is beneficent is of that kind which fulfilleth the Scripture—"that he who knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

We have commented in another column on the President's Inaugural Address, but without in the least forgetting that the President and his Inauguration are alike a ceremony. Whatever force there may be in them comes from position; even as the painted woman, whom we should not notice on the *pavé*, becomes a distinguished object when seated in a Triumphal Car, as the Goddess of Liberty, in the Inauguration Procession. Mr. Buchanan, who has rarely had so clear an idea as when he said he was a Platform, is no more the independent head of the nation than she is a Goddess. Liberty is found in no such company. So the ever-living King sits at home in the White House, or in the Capitol, or perchance is visiting his plantations; but it is he who directs the pageant, and shall make himself heard presently, in his own voice, if there shall be any need of it, without the interposition of any intricate forms, or the encumbrance of any stupid pretences. And it is interesting to see how the Slave Power (to drop the figure of royalty) never permits the necessary moment for the assertion of its paramount authority to pass unheeded; never forgets that the price of slavery is eternal vigilance; never allows its subjects to raise their voices in angry expostulation, without reminding them of their vows of allegiance, and recalling them at once from the folly of a timid defiance. It is always true to itself; true, be it observed, as a great whole—as a Power—representing the slaveholders as individual units; and true in each individual unit as representing the great whole. It is thus doubly guarded. The whole takes care of each, and each takes care of the whole. If it does not act, in any given case, from reflection, or is at fault in its judgment, it relies upon instinct. If unconscious of the impulse of instinct, it nevertheless follows it as unerringly as hybernating animals awake at the approach of heat. The necessity seen, and, as a Power, it acts promptly and effectually; the necessity unseen, it may still act; but if not, then some miserable atom, some minute and mean constituent part of the great whole, creeps forth, and, prompted by the Devil, its father, does the thing that is then and there to be done.

The present time is an occasion that called for the visible presence, and the assertion of the rights and the purposes of our

> "——— horrid King, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears."

It was impossible that the country could go through so alarming a convulsion as the last Presidential election and not be compelled to submit to a new and more forcible lesson than has ever before been given it as to who is its master. It has been held sufficient, for the last five or six years, to test the sincerity, or show the impotency, of the murmurs of the North at the increasing arrogant aggressions of the South, to send into Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, or Cincinnati, and seize some unhappy fugitive, and, with every possible aggravation of insult and contumely to Northern manliness and Northern humanity, to hunt the wretch back again into the hell from which he had escaped. Nor, indeed, was this lesson omitted on this occasion. The smoke of the cannon that announced Mr. Buchanan's election had hardly cleared away before some villain stole a man in Philadelphia, with the warrant of the son of David Paul Brown, the man who, for years, has been the fugitives' counsel in that city, and whose name, therefore, would illustrate the deed. This was well, but not enough. The exigency of the times required a more striking demonstration, and the moment, moreover, is favourable, in the first flush of a great triumph, for a new act of aggression hitherto only foreshadowed. It is before us. The decision of the Supreme Court, a synopsis of which may be found on our first page, and upon which we comment in another column, is the true Inauguration of the new Administration. It is the way our Sovereign Lord and King, who never dies, takes to remind his faithful subjects of his supreme will, and their allegiance.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

WE have never had the pleasure of seeing the august head of our beloved country, and cannot, therefore, say from personal knowledge whether that *leery* look of what the Scotch call an "innocent," and that habitual twist which seems to betoken a helpless imbecility, both which we see in the shop-window portraits, really characterize the man or not. The general opinion of the people of the North, at any rate, has been in accordance with the impression that these portraits give us; and there certainly is nothing in the past history of Mr. Buchanan, except the mere fact that he has achieved political success—if that be an exception—which should qualify that opinion. On the other hand, the Inaugural Address, a portion of which may be found in its appropriate place, on our first page, most fully justifies it. It is as weak a State paper, perhaps, as was ever penned, and its issue can only be accounted for on the supposition that Mr. Buchanan himself wrote it, and had nobody near him either to write another or to prevent his publishing this. It is undoubtedly the last we shall have of the sort, for Mr. Buchanan now has a Cabinet, and it is to be presumed will be properly taken care of. We mean only that it will be the last address issued by this Administration which will be so weak, and not the last which will be as wicked. In that direction we do not mean to suggest the possibility of any limit.

When Louis Napoleon compelled the people of France, at the point of the bayonet, to vote for him as Emperor, he glorified the nation at the sublime spectacle of a great people exercising the right of freely choosing their own ruler. So Mr. Buchanan says, alluding to his own election, and the "passions excited in our fellow-citizens" in the recent canvass, that "the voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed." A wiser man would hardly have forgotten that the majority which chose him was only a majority in an electoral college, created on a vicious system, and that the actual vote by the people showed him to be in a minority of nearly half a million. Or if he had chosen to ignore the popular majority, and insist only upon that of the college, he would have been careful to say nothing of the submission of his opponents, when neither he nor anybody else can have forgotten that "submission" was an attitude which his friends proclaimed they would not take in case of defeat. A wise man, moreover, would have remembered that in all but three of those States which gave him their vote there was no opportunity of an expression of the popular will; for those who might have nominated, or voted for, the electoral ticket which really received the votes of a majority of the whole people would have done so at the peril of their lives. Such a man would have reflected that his election was as much a *coup d'état* as that which made Louis Napoleon Emperor of France. But Mr. Buchanan is not a wise man, and so he twaddles of "passions," of "majorities," of "Constitution," of "submission," and of "grand and striking spectacles."

An address beginning with such pleasant absurdities does not disappoint the hope of more of the same sort. Mr. Buchanan is convinced that he "owes his election to the inherent love for the Constitution and the Union which still animates the hearts of the American people." The "inherent love" he might have safely taken for granted, let who would have been elected; but if the only evidence of it is the choice of Mr. Buchanan, then it does not exist in a majority of the people, for he had not their votes. He clearly believes that he had, however, and is as much carried away with the idea of "the will of the majority" as if it were just now for the first time apprehended by him. Its full beauty probably is. And so, reasoning from what he conceives to be its beautiful application to his own case, he exclaims: "What a happy conception, then, was it for Congress to apply this simple rule—that the will of the majority shall govern—to the settlement of the question of domestic slavery in Kansas." The "happy conception," of course, is Mr. Douglas's "dodge" of Squatter Sovereignty. This accepted doctrine, the President thinks, must end the agitation which has been ended so many times before, as new States will come in, with slavery or without, as their people shall decide. But when? Here again he is as clear as ever. He recognises the difference of opinion as to the time when this sovereignty shall be exercised, though he considers it of no practical importance, forgetting, or being really unable to comprehend, that this very question, as to the time when, is precisely the difference on which the two parties are divided. And before he gets to the end of the paragraph, he repudiates the whole doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, Mr. Douglas's "happy conception," by avowing his opinion to be that it should not be exercised till there were inhabitants enough in the Territory to entitle her to admission as a State!

Nor are these the most brilliant fruits of the parturition of a mind whose "conception" of ideas must unquestionably have taken place under very *unhappy* circumstances. In the recent Presidential contest, he tells us, "the passions of our fellow-citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of deep and vital importance." To these questions, which all relate to slavery, the President devotes, as is proper, considerably more than half his address. But, as the man said to Noah, "it is, after all, not much of a shower." It will be "most happy for the country," Mr. Buchanan thinks, when the public mind shall be diverted from these questions—the questions of deep and *vital* importance about which "our *passions* have been excited"—"to others of more pressing and practical importance"! One has a right to expect to be told what there is of more consequence to the people than that which is *vital*; but the expectation is vain. We only learn presently that "this question of domestic slavery is of far greater importance than any mere political question." In other words, it is "vital"; it is "deep"; it excites the "passions" of the people—a people who alone, of all the earth, can exhibit so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of self-government—"to the highest degree"; "it is of *far greater* importance than any mere political question"; and yet it is altogether secondary and trifling to others of a more pressing and practical character. And what these are we have not even a hint!

But he does not leave us in the dark as to why "the question is of far more importance than any mere political question." It is "because, should the agitation continue, it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution [slavery] exists." That is to say, it is possible that the slaves may cut their masters' throats, unless the Northern people shall not merely be silent upon the subject of slavery in the States, but quietly submit to its extension to wherever the slaveholders choose to carry it. But suppose we do not? Accept, then, in return, says Mr. Buchanan, not merely "terrific evils," which he "will not attempt to portray," but the loss of free trade with the South, and the destruction of "the most perfect form of government and union ever devised by man," whose example was to be instrumental "in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world." It is not worth while to inquire how the cause of civil and religious liberty is to be helped by extending slavery over a continent, for that is a form of speech to which we are accustomed; but an inquiring mind would seek to know of what possible use it would be to us to retain a trade with a people whose throats we had already procured to be cut?

If Mr. Buchanan knew anything of the temper and feeling of his "fellow-citizens" of the North, he would never have appealed to them to cease agitation, lest, should it continue, the slaves should seize their masters by the throat, and achieve their freedom with their hands red with blood. The North is far enough from being anti-slavery in any high sense of the term. It is not disposed to patient waiting, and patient working, and uncomplaining sacrifice, and unswerving devotion to the cause of Liberty. But one thing it is quite ready for; and that is to see the slave work out his own salvation and redemption; to rejoice to see him rise from the earth and assert his own manhood; and to wish for him a man's reward in the security of his Freedom and his Rights. If there comes a death-grapple of that sort, if the North stands by as a quiet spectator, we have faith enough in her generous nature to believe that it will be with a prayer that God speed the Right!

But let us give our new President credit for entire frankness on one point. He is no more distinguished for the faculty of clearness of statement than he is for the gift of intellectual brilliancy, but he does his best to acquaint us with his policy in regard to future acquisitions of territory. We are to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of other nations, and not attempt any interference in their concerns, unless the great law of self-preservation shall impel us to do otherwise. This means Cuba. Nor shall we acquire any more territory unless our doing so shall be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honour; in which case we shall do as we please, and no other nation must interfere or complain. And this means as much of Mexico and Central America as we choose to take. We are at least thankful that the President, understanding one thing clearly, should have been so favoured as to be able to state it without any very extraordinary circumlocution.

THE LATEST BLOW.

WE have often enough expressed our opinions as to the quarter whence our greatest dangers are to be looked for. A President may do a good deal of mischief, if he apply himself assiduously to the work; Congress may distinguish itself in the same way, and often does; but what President or Congress can do is temporary and fleeting, and may be swept away by the tide of time and the current of events, and leave but a slight mark on the nation's history. It is the Supreme Judges who hold in their hands the balance of our destinies much more truly than any other kind or sort of men or of functionaries. They are the authentic expositors of the fundamental law which lies behind and under the action of the legislative or executive power, and according as they decree must our republican kings rule and the inferior judges decree justice. From what they ordain there is no appeal, except one which, from the present Constitution of the Government, it is virtually impossible ever to make. They are our Destinies who hold in their hand the thread of our fate, and we are helpless and powerless in the grasp of their prevailing might. The dominant power in the land has shown itself as well aware of this Judicial omnipotence as we are, and has taken care that none should be permitted to share it who were not to be trusted with a perfect reliance.

The last week has listened to a response from these oracles which ought to strike every heart with shame and dread. A new blow has been aimed at the rights at once of the slave and of the freeman, and so aimed as to have the most fatal possible effect. The pervading leaven of Slavery, it is now pronounced, permeates every portion of the Constitution and reaches every part of the country. Men of African descent, though descended from fathers who fought with Washington on land or with Hull on sea (not to say from such as signed the Declaration of Independence), are put under the ban of the Republic and declared outside of the nation. They have no redress in the Courts of the country, they have no right to take part in its government, they are the black lepers of our polity and placed out of the pale of national protection and sympathy. While the bondage of these enslaved brethren forms the corner-stone of our Free Institutions, they are excluded from any benefit of the structure thus supported and reared. And they can acquire no national citizenship by removal into States where they are permitted a local political equality. The citizens of every State may not enjoy the privileges of citizenship in every other State. There is a Power behind every single Northern State greater than the greatest of them all, which takes the cap of liberty from the heads on which they have placed it and declares it to be of no virtue beyond the near frontiers. The insulting doctrine, which was laughed at when first promulgated by Georgia as an absurd Southernism, is now accepted and proclaimed as the supreme law of the land by the highest judicial authority within it!

But were the rights of black men only concerned, we fear there would be but too many persons who would be content with shrugging their shoulders and declaring it "infamous," without giving it a second thought. But this decision of the Supreme Court strikes much deeper than that—it aims at the heart of all our rights through that of the African race. In the midst of all the disgraces and shames to which we have been forced to submit, in consequence of the constitutional recognition of slavery, there was at least one gleam of comfort, one ray of self-respect, left to us. At least, the slaveholder could not voluntarily insult us by bringing his slaves with him into our States. If they escaped from him, we could not deny that, by the Constitution, he was entitled to some process by which to recover them, even if the one now provided were radically vicious. But if he brought them with him, of his own free will, they became free the moment they touched our soil or breathed our air. But now the hierophants of Slavery have breathed upon them, and our soil has become polluted and our air is poisoned. The virtue has gone out of the one and out of the other. The whole land is given up to the slave-master as a prey and as a dwelling-place as well as a hunting-ground. Slavery is adjudged authentically to be National and not Sectional—it may not only take possession at its pleasure of the wildernesses of the Territories, but it may wander at will and disport itself in any of the States, and no man may molest and make it afraid.

The great question now is whether this decision will be recognised as the Highest Law of the Nation in the several States—whether this assault on the reserved rights of the people of the North will be submitted to? We confess we do not entertain much hope of any resistance to it anywhere but in gallant young Wisconsin—and we hope for it with trembling even there. The superstition of the nation as to the divinity of Judgeship is so inveterate that it is hard to believe that it can be overcome as yet. Five fourth or fifth-rate County Court lawyers of the Slaveholding class (for none of the Southern Judges were ever heard of before their appointment), assisted by a couple of second-rate lawyers from the North, pronounce an opinion which will be received by the Country as if it was certified directly from the Chancery of Heaven! At least, we fear that it will be so. The only two men of any professional eminence before their elevation to the Bench, Judge McLean and Judge Curtis, take the opposite ground. But this quintessence of feebleness in learning and talent, fortified only by the ownership of human beings and speaking its pleasure, gives law to all of us, and makes the whole North a temporary slavepen for its uses and with no power of resistance and resentment! The plot surely thickens and the interest deepens—we wish we could hope that a fortunate *denouement* was at hand.

As we understand it, slave-traders have a perfect constitutional right to drive their coffles of slaves from Virginia to Portland or Calais, and there ship them for their Southern destination, if they think it best to do so, and there is no power in the Judiciary or the Executive of any free State to interpose an obstacle in their way. This may or may not be done—but if not, it will be only because it is not the most convenient method of forwarding this peculiar species of property to its destination. As Lemmon thought it the best economy to bring his slaves to this port for shipment to Texas, it is by no means unlikely that a portion of this carrying trade to the more distant ports will find its way hither. At any rate, we shall have all our watering-places and our quiet country towns insulted by the presence of slaveholders attended by their slaves, and there will be no hope except in the risks and uncertainties of the underground railway. The right of the slaveholder to carry his slaves where he will in the free States, provided he is only a visitor with no purpose of taking up a Northern citizenship, we conceive to be fully set up by this decision. Or, if it be not, there will be another forthcoming from the same oracular source as soon as it shall be demanded. The Free States are placed at the feet of the slaveholders and their feet put upon our necks, not merely at Washington and in the Territories, and in distant places and by circuitous processes, but at their very firesides and roadsides, by their fresh rivers and under their green trees. Will it be suffered? We shall soon see.

We will not affirm that this decision of the Supreme Court is not constitutional. We think it by no means unlikely that it is a logical deduction from the premises laid down in that instrument. But if so, is it an instrument worth the parchment on which it is written to any Northern use or safety? It either is constitutional or it is not. If it be, then we affirm that it is a nuisance which should be abated, as abominable and mischievous in the sight of God and towards men. If it be not constitutional, then we see a power set up by the Constitution greater than itself, which overrides it, and rides over us. There is no escape from one horn or the other of this dilemma, and whatever one we choose, our practical liberties are impaled upon it. In either case, the plain duty of every true lover of his country is to make it infamous, hateful, contemptible, and to bring his countrymen to trample it under their feet as soon as possible. Toward this consummation we look upon this last *coup d'état* as a favourable measure. In the state in which this country finds itself at present, the fiercer the insult, the bitterer the blow, the better. If anything can galvanize it into vitality again, it will be a succession of shocks like that. If they cannot restore vital force enough to enable it to slough off the hideous excrescence which is eating out its heart, why, the sooner it dies under it the better.

*DR. CHEEVER ON SLAVERY.**

WE have before us a volume containing the substance of the series of sermons lately delivered by the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans in this city, and which were listened to by crowded and deeply interested assemblies; also two discourses by the same author, one on "The Divinely Appointed Freedom of the Pulpit, the Senate and the Press, for the Preservation of Freedom to Mankind," delivered immediately after the brutal attack upon Senator Sumner, and the other upon "The Iniquity of the Extension of Slavery," delivered in the Academy of Music, just before the late Presidential Election. The volume is published at the office of *The Independent*, because, as we understand, no New York bookseller could be found to publish it, even with a guarantee against pecuniary loss. In the whole immense body of evidence of the pro-slavery character of this city, and of the extent to which slavery controls its business relations, we have known no more pregnant and note-worthy item than this.

A gentleman who had listened to the sermons which we now have, slightly varied in form, in this book, being asked by a friend what was the character of them, replied by the single word "Tremendous." And this is exactly the right word. Dr. Cheever's logical power, when he starts from right premises, and his rhetorical power in any case, are perfectly terrible. His apt and ingenious illustrations from the commonest details of daily life, his profusion (without redundance) of epithets, each appropriate and energetic, and all so arranged in their succession as to intensify the impression desired, his power to see and his skill clearly to express a lower, beyond what had seemed to his audience the lowest, depth of guilt, extent of responsibility and fulness of retribution, and his perfect familiarity with the whole terrific arsenal of Old Testament denunciation and invective (which in him, as in Mr. Garrison, seems vernacular in its appropriateness and its power), thoroughly justify the epithet "tremendous." His words burn, glow, flash and sparkle, pierce between the joints of the slaveholder's harness, and devour, as flame does flax, all the stereotyped excuses which custom has put into his mouth. In fact, Dr. Cheever greatly resembles Mr. Garrison in a power, derived in both cases from early and thorough familiarity with the prophetic parts of the Old Testament, of expressing "the exceeding sinfulness of sin"; each speaks, when rebuking sin, "as one having authority"; and each plainly feels in himself, and thoroughly impresses upon his audience, that in the rebuke of sin, and the call to repentance and reformation, he is truly an ambassador from God.

The deficiencies and errors of this book, which we are presently to point out, do not appreciably impair its value for the discomfiture of the pro-slavery man. Especially, we would say, let it be put into the hands of every "pious" slaveholder—of every man-stealer who assumes the title of patriarch, and who comforts himself with taking for granted that, in the matter of holding, buying, selling and breeding slaves, Abraham was his father, and Noah his great grandfather, and Paul his chief of patrol and sergeant of slave-catchers. To such men this book must seem like one come to torment them before the expected time.

We should be glad to quote some of the admirable passages in this book; but we have not columns enough to spare, and selection, where so many pages and chapters are *most* admirable, is a very difficult task. We must restrict ourselves to giving merely the barest abstract of the subjects treated. These are—The prevalence and power of unrighteous law, and the ruin which it tends to bring upon a nation—the frightful guilt of the government which enacts, and of the preachers who defend or excuse, such laws—the worship of the golden calves in this country, and in New York preëminently—the obligations of the pulpit in the sight of God—the hypocrisy of the outcry against political preaching, and the guilt of shielding men's sins from the light of the Gospel—the glory and freedom of the word of God in its universal and perpetual application—demonstration of the sinfulness of slavery—proof that no such thing as slavery was known among the Hebrews—ludicrousness of the claim of Africans as our property by reason of Noah's curse on Canaan—wrath of God against the Jews for the attempted establishment of slavery—penalty of death against the crime of man-stealing—compass of this law, and especially its application to the claim of children as property—the germinating and propagating power of evil, shown in slavery—sacredness of the parental relation—violation of it by slavery—slaveholding, with the claim of property, is man-stealing—accumulated crime, accumulated retribution—ownership in man not possible—the assumption of it forbidden in both Old and New Testaments—the restoration of runaway servants forbidden—the Hebrew fugitive law was in behalf of the servant, not the master—demonstration from this law that human beings *cannot* be property—Paul's epistle to Philemon—the assertion that the word of God sanctions slavery an impious libel—Hebrew Jubilee statute of universal freedom, and its application to heathen servants—perversion and misinterpretation of the Mosaic laws—no involuntary servitude allowed—every contract perfectly voluntary—Hebrew usage of the word "buy"—servants bought by voluntary contract with themselves, but not of a third party—both Hebrew and heathen servants free at the Jubilee—God's judgments against slavery—degradation of free labour—individual responsibility—province of the pulpit—pretensions and demands of slavery—consequences if we yield to them—guilt of extending slavery—perpetual agitation and power of conscience.

Scattered through Dr. Cheever's book, we find a clear statement and an effective defence of the following propositions.

1. There is no possibility of acquiring a right of property in man.

2. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments not only hold this ground, but give abundant testimony to it, positive, negative and incidental.

3. Wicked laws should not only be disobeyed, but denounced and rejected.

4. The responsibility for denouncing such laws, and thus leading the people to reject them, rests preëminently upon the ministry.

5. The ministry are able, at their pleasure, to mould the character of the people for good or evil; to lead them to obey God or to disobey Him.

6. The *purpose* of the Gospel is to turn men from their iniquities; and the business of the preacher is to make the *application* of it to those iniquities.

7. For evidence that a man loves God, we are to look, not to his professions or public prayers, but to the evidence whether or not he loves his neighbour.

8. The time and place for preaching against any sin are the very time when and the very place where the sin is practised—or its lawfulness and righteousness maintained, or its demoralizing, destructive influence felt.

9. If such preaching causes agitation and disturbance at that time and place, the stronger is the evidence that it was needed.

10. The ministry are not authorized by fear of such agitation, or by any form of selfish expediency, either to conceal, or diminish, or pervert the truth, or to shield or favour any form of iniquity. To do this is a conspiracy against the souls of men; an attempt upon the very life of men and of nations.

11. Next to sincere reliance on God, the first requisites of a minister are boldness and *thoroughness.*

Before proceeding further in our examination of Dr. Cheever's volume, we wish to recall to the minds of our readers some facts relating to his ministry in New York. He has been for seventeen years a settled pastor in this city. During the whole of that time, slavery has not only existed and flourished throughout one-half of our immense territory, but has been dominant and triumphant over the whole of it, swaying the Executive power, controlling the army, navy, treasury, post-office, press and pulpit, commerce and manufactures, using the Northern territory as its hunting-ground, and disposing of the liberties and lives of Northern citizens according to its own wishes and interests. During the whole of that period of seventeen years, the power of slavery has been extending, its arrogance increasing, its outrages even upon freemen becoming more numerous. Where was Dr. Cheever in all those years? Where were his burning eloquence, his fervou in defence of God's truth, justice and righteousness against the pro-slavery arguments of his clerical brethren, his scorching denunciations of a sin which, though the sum of all villanies, impudently claimed the Bible itself as its ally and authority? Theodore D. Weld had written and published, more than seventeen years ago, a work called "The Bible Against Slavery," as elaborate, as thorough and as fervent as the book we have been considering. Why did Dr. Cheever never echo it before? Not for want of power; for the peculiar characteristics of his eloquence were as well developed twenty years ago, when he preached in Salem, Massachusetts, as at present. Not for want of himself understanding the application of God's truth to slavery; for he then held the position of a radical on that subject, and preached

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE THIRD. FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

The church of Long Beckley (a large agricultural village in one of the midland counties of England), although a building in no way remarkable either for its size, its architecture, its antiquity, possesses, nevertheless, one advantage which the merchant despots of London have barbarously denied to their noble cathedral church of St. Paul. It has plenty of room to stand in, and it can consequently be seen with perfect convenience from every point of view, all round the compass.

The large open space around the church can be approached in three different directions. There is a road from the village, leading straight to the principal door. There is a broad gravel-walk, which begins at the vicarage gates, crosses the churchyard, and stops, as in duty bound, at the vestry entrance. There is a footpath over the fields, by which the lord of the manor, and the gentry in general who live in his august neighbourhood, can reach the side door of the building, whenever their natural humility (aided by a favourable state of the weather) may incline them to encourage Sabbath observance in the stables, by going to church, like the lower sort of worshippers, on their own legs.

At half-past seven o'clock, on a certain fine summer morning, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, if any observant stranger had happened to be standing in some unnoticed corner of the churchyard, and to be looking about him with sharp eyes, he would probably have been the witness of proceedings which might have led him to believe that there was a conspiracy going on in Long Beckley, of which the church was the rallying point, and some of the most respectable inhabitants the principal leaders. Supposing him to have been looking towards the vicarage, as the clock chimed the half-hour, he would have seen the Vicar of Long Beckley, the Reverend Doctor Chennery, leaving his house suspiciously, by the back way, glancing behind him guiltily as he approached the gravel-walk that led to the vestry, stopping mysteriously just outside the door, and gazing anxiously down the road that led from the village.

Assuming that our observant stranger would, upon this, keep out of sight, and look down the road, like the vicar, he would next have seen the clerk of the church—an austere, yellow-faced, dignified man; a Protestant Loyola in appearance, and a working shoemaker by trade—approaching with a look of unutterable mystery in his face, and a bunch of big keys in his hand. He would have seen the clerk bow to the vicar with a grim smile of intelligence—as Guy Fawkes might have bowed to Catesby when those two large gunpowder proprietors met to take stock in their extensive range of premises under the Parliament Houses. He would have seen the vicar nod in an abstracted way to the clerk, and—undoubtedly giving a secret pass-word under the double guise of a common remark and a friendly question.—"Fine morning, Thomas. Have you had your breakfast yet?" He would have heard Thomas reply, with a suspicious regard for minute particulars: "I have had a cup of tea and a crust, sir." And he would then have seen these two local conspirators, after looking up with one accord at the church clock, draw off together to the side-door which commanded a view of the footpath across the fields.

Following them—as our observant stranger could not surely fail to do—he would have detected there three more conspirators advancing along the footpath. The leader of this treasonable party was an elderly gentleman, with a weather-beaten face and a bluff hearty manner, admirably calculated to disarm suspicion. His two followers were a young gentleman and a young lady, walking arm-in-arm, and talking together in whispers. They were dressed in the plainest morning costume. The faces of both were rather pale, and the manner of the lady was a little flurried. Otherwise, there was nothing remarkable to observe in them, until they came to the wicket-gate leading into the churchyard; and there the conduct of the young gentleman seemed, at first sight, rather inexplicable. Instead of holding the gate open for the lady to pass through, he hung back, allowed her to open it for herself, waited till she had got to the churchyard side, and then, stretching out his hand over the gate, allowed her to lead him through the entrance, as if he had suddenly changed from a grown man to a helpless little child.

Noting this, and remarking also that, when the party from the fields had arrived within greeting distance of the vicar, and when the clerk had used his bunch of keys to open the church-door, the young lady's companion was led into the building (this time by Doctor Chennery's hand), as he had been previously led through the wicket-gate, our observant stranger must have arrived at one inevitable conclusion—that the person requiring such assistance as this, was suffering under the affliction of blindness. Startled a little by that discovery, he would have been still amazed, if he had looked into the church, by seeing the blind man and the young lady standing before the altar rails, with the elderly gentleman in parental attendance. Any suspicions he might now entertain that the bond which united the conspirators at that early hour of the morning was of the hymenial sort, and that the object of their plot was to celebrate a wedding with the strictest secresy, would have been confirmed in five minutes by the appearance of Doctor Chennery from the vestry in full canonicals, and by the reading of the marriage service in the reverend gentleman's most harmonious officiating tones. The ceremony concluded, the attendant strangers must have been more perplexed than ever by observing that the persons concerned in it all separated, the moment the signing, kissing and congratulating duties proper to the occasion had been performed, and quickly retired in the various directions by which they had approached the church. Leaving the clerk to return by the village road, the bride, bridegroom and elderly gentleman to turn back by the footpath over the fields, and the visionary stranger of these pages to vanish out of them, a prey to baffled curiosity, in any direction that he pleases—let us follow Doctor Chennery to the vicarage breakfast-table, and hear what he has to say about his professional exertions of the morning, in the familiar atmosphere of his own family circle.

The persons assembled at the breakfast were, first, Mr. Phippen, a guest: secondly, Miss Sturch, a governess; thirdly, fourthly and fifthly, Miss Louisa Chennery (aged ten years). Miss Amelia Chennery (aged nine years), and Master Robert Chennery (aged eight years). There was no mother's face present, to make the household picture complete. Doctor Chennery had been a widower since the birth of his youngest child.

The guest was an old college acquaintance of the vicar's, and he was supposed to be now staying at Long Beckley for the benefit of his health. Most men of any character at all, contrive to get a reputation of some sort which individualizes them in the social circle amid which they move. Mr. Phippen was a man of some little character, and he lived with great distinction in the estimation of his friends, on the reputation of being A Martyr to Dyspepsia. Wherever Mr. Phippen went, the woes of Mr. Phippen's stomach went with him. He dieted himself publicly, and physicked himself publicly. He was so intensely occupied with himself and his maladies, that he would let a chance acquaintance into the secret of the condition of his tongue, at five minutes' notice; being just as perpetually ready to discuss the state of his digestion as people in general are to discuss the state of the weather. On this favourite subject, as on all others, he spoke with a wheedling gentleness of manner, sometimes in softly mournful, sometimes in languidly sentimental tones. His politeness was of the oppressively affectionate sort, and he used the word "dear" continually, in addressing himself to others. Personally, he could not be called a handsome man. His eyes were watery, large and light grey; they were always rolling from side to side in a state of moist admiration of something or somebody. His nose was long, drooping, profoundly melancholy—if such an expression may be permitted in reference to that particular feature. For the rest, his lips had a larchrymose twist; his stature was small; his head large, bald, and loosely set on his shoulders; his manner of dressing himself eccentric, on the side of smartness; his age about five-and-forty; his condition that of a single man. Such was Mr. Phippen, the Martyr to Dyspepsia, and the guest of the vicar of Long Beckley.

Miss Sturch, the governess, may be briefly and accurately described as a young lady who had never been troubled with an idea or a sensation since the day when she was born. She was a little, plump, quiet, white-skinned, smiling, neatly-dressed girl, wound up accurately to the performance of certain duties at certain times; and possessed of an inexhaustible vocabulary of common-place talk, which dribbled placidly out of her lips whenever it was called for, always in the same quantity, and always of the same quality, at every hour in the day, and through every change in the seasons. Miss Sturch never laughed, and never cried, but took the safe middle course of smiling perpetually. She smiled when she came down on a morning in January, and said it was very cold. She smiled when she came down on a morning in July, and said it was very hot. She smiled when the bishop came once a-year to see the vicar; she smiled when the butcher's boy came every morning for orders. She smiled when Miss Louisa wept on her bosom, and implored indulgence towards errors in geography; she smiled when Master Robert jumped into her lap and ordered her to brush his hair. Let what might happen at the vicarage, nothing ever jerked Miss Sturch out of the one smooth groove in which she ran perpetually, always at the same pace. If she had lived in a royalist family, during the civil wars in England, she would have rung for the cook, to order dinner, on the morning of the execution of Charles the First. If Shakspeare had come back to life again, and had called at the vicarage at six o'clock on Saturday evening, to explain to Miss Sturch exactly what his views were in composing the tragedy of Hamlet, she would have smiled and said it was extremely interesting, until the striking of seven o'clock; at which time she would have begged the Bard of Avon to excuse her, and would have left him in the middle of a sentence, to superintend the housemaid in the verification of the washing-book. A very estimable young person, Miss Sturch (as the ladies of Long Beckley were accustomed to say); so judicious with the children, and so attached to her household duties; such a well-regulated mind, and such a crisp touch on the piano; just nice-looking enough, just well-dressed enough, just talkative enough; not quite old enough, perhaps, and a little too much inclined to be embraceably plump about the region of the waist—but, on the whole, a very estimable young person—very much so, indeed.

On the characteristic peculiarities of Miss Sturch's pupils, it is not necessary to dwell at very great length. Miss Louisa's habitual weakness was an inveterate tendency to catch cold. Miss Amelia's principal defect was a disposition to gratify her palate by eating supplementary dinners and breakfasts at unauthorized times and seasons. Master Robert's most noticeable failings were caused by alacrity in tearing his clothes, and obtuseness in learning the Multiplication Table. The virtues of all three were of much the same nature—they were well grown, they were genuine children, and they were boisterously fond of Miss Sturch.

To complete the gallery of family portraits, an outline, at the least, must be attempted of the vicar himself. Dr. Chennery was, in a physical point of view, a credit to the Establishment to which he was attached. He stood six feet two in his shooting shoes; he weighed seventeen stone; he was the best bowler in the Long Beckley cricket-club; he was a strictly orthodox man in the matter of wine and mutton; he never started disagreeable theories about people's future destinies in the pulpit, never quarrelled with anybody out of the pulpit, never buttoned up his pockets when the necessities of his poor brethren (dissenters included) pleaded with him to open them. His course through the world was a steady march along the high and dry middle of a safe turnpike-road. The serpentine side-paths of controversy might open as alluringly as they pleased on his right hand and on his left, but he kept on his way sturdily, and never regarded them. Innovating young recruits in the Church army might entrappingly open the Thirty-nine Articles under his very nose, but the veteran's wary eye never looked a hair's-breadth farther than his own signature at the bottom of them. He knew as little as possible of theology, he had never given the Privy Council a minute's trouble in the whole course of his life, he was innocent of all meddling with the reading or writing of pamphlets, and he was quite incapable of finding his way to the platform of Exeter Hall. In short, he was the most unclerical of clergymen—but, for all that, he had such a figure for a surplice as is seldom seen. Seventeen stone weight of upright muscular flesh, without an angry spot or a sore place in any part of it, has the merit of suggesting stability, at any rate—an excellent virtue in pillars of all kinds, but an especially precious quality, at the present time, in a pillar of the Church.

As soon as the vicar entered the breakfast-parlour, the children assailed him with a chorus of shouts. He was a severe disciplinarian in the observance of punctuality at meal times; and he now stood convicted by the clock of being too late for breakfast by a quarter of an hour.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Sturch," said the vicar; "but I have a good excuse for being late this morning."

"Pray don't mention it, sir," said Miss Sturch, blandly rubbing her plump little hands one over the other. "A beautiful morning. I fear we shall have another warm day. Robert, my love, your elbow is on the table. A beautiful morning—a beautiful morning, indeed!"

"Stomach still out of order—eh, Phippen?" asked the vicar, beginning to carve the ham.

Mr. Phippen shook his large head dolefully, placed his yellow forefinger, ornamented with a large turquoise ring, on the centre check of his light green summer waistcoat—looked piteously at Doctor Chennery, and sighed—removed the finger, and produced from the breast-pocket of his wrapper a little mahogany case—took out of it a neat pair of apothecary's scales, with the accompanying weights, a morsel of ginger, and a highly-polished silver nutmeg-grater. "Dear Miss Sturch will pardon an invalid?" said Mr. Phippen, beginning to grate the ginger feebly into the nearest tea-cup.

"Guess what has made me a quarter of an hour late this morning," said the vicar, looking mysteriously all round the table.

"Lying in bed, papa," cried the three children, clapping their hands in triumph.

"What do *you* say, Miss Sturch?" asked Doctor Chennery.

Miss Sturch smiled as usual, rubbed her hands as usual, cleared her throat softly as usual, looked fixedly at the tea-urn, and begged, with the most graceful politeness, to be excused if she said nothing.

"Your turn now, Phippen," said the vicar. "Come, guess what has kept me late this morning."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, giving the doctor a brotherly squeeze of the hand, "don't ask me to guess—I know! I saw what you eat at dinner yesterday—I saw what you drank after dinner. No digestion could stand it—not even yours. Guess what has made you late this morning? Pooh! pooh! I know. You dear, good soul, you have been taking physic!"

"Havn't touched a drop, thank God, for the last ten years!" said Doctor Chennery, "with a look of devout gratitude. "No, no; you're all wrong. The fact is, I have been to church; and what do you think I have been doing there? Listen, Miss Sturch—listen, girls, with all your ears. Poor blind young Frankland is a happy man at last—I have married him to our dear Rosamond Treverton this very morning!"

"Without telling us, papa!" cried the two girls together, in their shrillest tones of vexation and surprise. "Without telling us, when you know how we should have liked to see it!"

"That was the very reason why I did not tell you, my dears," answered the vicar. "Young Frankland has not got so used to his affliction yet, poor fellow, as to bear being publicly pitied and stared at in the character of a blind bridegroom. He had such a nervous horror of being an object of curiosity on his wedding-day, and Rosamond, like a true, kind-hearted girl as she is, was so anxious that his slightest caprices should be humoured, that we settled to have the wedding at an hour in the morning when no idlers were likely to be lounging about the neighbourhood of the church. I was bound over to the strictest secresy about the day, and so was my clerk, Thomas. Excepting us two, and the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's father, Captain Treverton, nobody knew—"

"Treverton!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, holding his tea-cup, with the grated ginger in the bottom of it, to be filled by Miss Sturch. "Treverton! (No more tea, dear Miss Sturch.) How very remarkable! I know the name. (Fill up with water, if you please.) Tell me, my dear doctor (many, many thanks; no sugar, it turns acid on the stomach), is this Miss Treverton whom you have been marrying (many thanks again; no milk, either) one of the Cornish Trevertons?"

"To be sure she is!" rejoined the vicar. "Her father, Captain Treverton, is the head of the family. Not that there's much family to speak of now. The Captain, and Rosamond, and that whimsical old brute of an uncle of her's, Andrew Treverton, are the last left, now, of the old stock—a rich family, and a fine family, in former times—good friends to Church and State, you know, and all that—"

"Do you approve, sir, of Amelia having a second helping of bread and marmalade?" asked Miss Sturch, appealing to Doctor Chennery with the most perfect unconsciousness of interrupting him. Having no spare room in her mind for putting things away in until the appropriate time came for bringing them out, Miss Sturch always asked questions and made remarks the moment they occurred to her, without waiting for the beginning, middle, or end of any conversations that might be proceeding in her presence. She invariably looked the part of a listener to perfection, but she never acted it except in the case of talk that was aimed point-blank at her own ears.

"O, give her a second helping, by all means!" said the vicar, carelessly; "she must over-eat herself, and she may as well do it on bread and marmalade as on anything else."

"My dear good soul," exclaimed Mr. Phippen, "look what a wreck I am, and don't talk in that shockingly thoughtless way of letting our sweet little Amelia overeat herself. Load the stomach in youth, and what becomes of the digestion in age? The thing which vulgar people call the inside—I appeal to Miss Sturch's interest in her charming pupil as an excuse for going into physiological particulars—is, in point of fact, an Apparatus. Digestively considered, Miss Sturch, even the fairest and youngest of us is an Apparatus. Oil our wheels, if you like; but clog them at your peril. Farinaceous puddings and mutton-chops: mutton-chops and farinaceous puddings—those should be the parents' watchwords, if I had my way, from one end of England to the other. Look here, my sweet child, look at me. There is no fun, dear, about these little scales, but dreadful earnest! See! I put in the balance, on one side, dry bread (stale, dry bread, Amelia!), and, on the other, some ounce weights. 'Mr. Phippen! eat by weight. Mr. Phippen! eat the same quantity, day by day, to a hair's breadth. Mr. Phippen! exceed your allowance (though it is only stale, dry bread) if you dare!' Amelia, love, this is not fun—this is what the doctors tell me—the doctors, my child, who have been searching my Apparatus through and through, for thirty years past, with little pills, and have not found out where my wheels are clogged yet. Think of that, Amelia—think of Mr. Phippen's clogged Apparatus—and say 'No, thank you,' next time. Miss Sturch, I beg a thousand pardons for intruding on your province; but my interest in that sweet child, my own sad experience of the hydra-headed tortures—Chennery, you dear good soul, what were we talking about? Ah! the bride—the interesting bride! And so, she is one of the Cornish Trevertons? I knew something of Andrew, years ago. Eccentric and misanthropical. Bachelor, like myself, Miss Sturch. Dyspeptic, like myself, dear Amelia. Not at all like his brother, the captain, I should suppose? And so, she is married? A charming girl, I have no doubt. A charming girl!"

"No better, truer, prettier girl in the world," said the vicar.

"A very lively, energetic person," said Miss Sturch.

"How I shall miss her!" said Miss Louisa. "Nobody else amused me as Rosamond did, when I was laid up with that last bad cold of mine."

"She used to give us such nice little early supper-parties," said Miss Amelia.

"She was the only girl I ever saw who was fit to play with boys," said Master Robert. "She could catch a ball, Mr. Phippen, sir, with one hand, and go down a slide with both her legs together."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Phippen. "What an extraordinary wife for a blind man! You said he was blind, my dear doctor, did you not? Let me see, what was his name? You will not bear too hardly on my loss of memory, Miss Sturch? When indigestion has ravaged the body, it begins to prey on the mind. Mr. Frank Something, was it not? Blind, too, from his birth? Sad! sad!"

"No, no—Frankland," answered the vicar. "Leonard Frankland. And not blind from his birth by any means. It is not much more than a year ago since he could see almost as well as any of us."

"An accident, I suppose?" said Mr. Phippen. "You will excuse me if I take the arm-chair?—a partially reclining posture is of great assistance to me, after meals. So an accident happened to his eyes? Ah, what a delightfully easy chair to sit in!"

"Scarcely an accident," said Dr. Chennery. "Leonard Frankland was a difficult child to bring up: great constitutional weakness, you know, at first. He seemed to get over that with time, and grew into a quiet, sedate, orderly sort of boy—as unlike my son there as possible—very amiable, and what you call easy to deal with. Well, he had a turn for mechanics (I am telling you all this to make you understand about his blindness), and after veering about from one occupation of that sort to another, he took at last to watch-making. Curious amusement for a boy, but anything that required delicacy of touch and plenty of patience and perseverance, was just the thing to amuse and occupy Leonard. I always said to his father and mother, 'Get him off that stool, break his magnifying-glasses, send him to me, and I'll give him a back at Leap-Frog, and teach him the use of a bat.' But it was no use. His parents knew best, I suppose, and they said he must be humoured. Well, things went on smoothly enough for some time, till he got another long illness—as I believe, from not taking exercise enough. As soon as he began to get round, back he went to his old watch-making occupations again. But the bad end of it all was coming. About the last work he did, poor fellow, was the repairing of my watch—here it is; goes as regular as a steam-engine. I had n't got it back into my fob very long before I heard that he was getting a bad pain at the back of his head, and that he saw all sorts of moving spots before his eyes. String him up with lots of port wine, and give him three hours a-day on the back of a quiet pony—that was my advice. Instead of taking it, they sent for doctors from London, and blistered him behind the ears, and between the shoulders, and drenched the lad with mercury, and moped him up in a dark room. No use. The sight got worse and worse, flickered and flickered, and went out at last like the flame of a candle. His mother died—luckily for her, poor soul—before that happened. His father was half out of his mind: took him to oculists in London, and oculists in Paris. All they did was to call the blindness by a long Latin name, and to say that it was hopeless and useless to try an operation. Some of them said it was the result of the long weaknesses from which he had twice suffered after illness. Some said it was an apoplectic effusion in his brain. All of them shook their heads when they heard of the watch-making. So they brought him back home blind; blind he is now; and blind he will remain, poor dear fellow, for the rest of his life."

"You shock me; my dear Chennery, you shock me dreadfully," said Mr. Phippen. "Especially when you state that theory about long weakness after illness. Good Heavens! Why, I have had long weaknesses—I have got them now. Spots did he see before his eyes? I see spots, black spots, dancing black spots, dancing black bilious spots. Upon my word of honour, Chennery, this comes home to me—my sympathies are painfully acute—I feel this blind story in every nerve of my body; I do indeed!"

"You would hardly know that Leonard was blind, to look at him," said Miss Louisa, striking into the conversation with a view of restoring Mr. Phippen's equanimity. "Except that his eyes look quieter than other people's, there seems no difference in them now. Who was that famous character you told us about, Miss Sturch, who was blind, and did n't show it any more than Leonard Frankland?"

"Milton, my love. I begged you to remember that he was the most famous of British epic poets," answered Miss Sturch with suavity. "He poetically describes his blindness as being caused by 'so thick a drop serene.' You shall read about it, Louisa. After we have had a little French, we will have a little Milton, this morning. Hush, love, your papa is speaking."

"Poor young Frankland!" said the vicar, tenderly. "That good, tender, noble creature I married him to this morning seems sent as a consolation to him in his affliction. If any human being can make him happy for the rest of his life, Rosamond Treverton is the girl to do it."

"She has made a sacrifice," said Mr. Phippen; "but I like her for that, having made a sacrifice myself in remaining single. It seems indispensable, indeed, on the score of humanity that I should do so. How could I conscientiously inflict such a digestion as mine on a member of the fairer portion of creation? No: I am a Sacrifice in my own proper person, and I have a fellow-feeling for others who are like me. Did she cry much, Chennery, when you were marrying her?"

"Cry!" exclaimed the vicar, contemptuously. "Rosamond Treverton is not one of the puling, sentimental sort, I can tell you. A fine, buxom, warm-hearted, quick-tempered girl, who looks what she means when she tells a man she is going to marry him. And, mind you, she has been tried. If she had n't loved him with all her heart and soul, she might have been free months ago to marry anybody she pleased. They were engaged long before this cruel affliction befel young Frankland—the fathers, on both sides, having lived as near neighbours in these parts for years. Well, when the blindness came, Leonard, like the fine conscientious fellow he is, at once offered to release Rosamond from her engagement. You should have read the letter she wrote to him, Phippen, upon that. I don't mind confessing that I blubbered like a baby over it, when they showed it to me. I should have married them at once the instant I read it, but old Frankland was a fidgety, punctilious kind of man, and he insisted on a six months' probation, so that she might be certain of knowing her own mind. He died before the term was out, and that caused the marriage to be put off again. But no delays could alter Rosamond—six years, instead of six months, would not have changed her. There she was this morning as fond of that poor patient blind fellow as she was the first day they were engaged. 'You shall never know a sad moment, Lenny, if I can help it, as long as you live,' those were the first words she said to him when we all came out of church. 'I hear you, Rosamond,' says I. 'And you shall judge me, too, doctor,' says she, quick as lightning. 'We will come back to Long Beckley, and you shall ask Lenny if I have not kept my word.' With that, she gave me a kiss that you might have heard down here at the vicarage, bless her heart! We'll drink her health after dinner, Miss Sturch—we'll drink both their healths, Phippen, in a bottle of the best wine I have in my cellar."

"In a glass of toast-and-water, so far as I am concerned, if you will allow me," said Mr. Phippen, mournfully. "But, my dear Chennery, when you were talking of the fathers of these two interesting young people, you spoke of their living as near neighbours here, at Long Beckley. My memory is impaired, as I am painfully aware; but I thought Captain Treverton was the eldest of the two brothers, and that he always lived, when he was on shore, at the family place in Cornwall?"

"So he did," returned the vicar, "in his wife's lifetime. But since her death, which happened as long ago as the year 'twenty-nine—let me see, we are now in the year forty-four—and that makes—"

The vicar stopped for an instant to calculate, and looked at Miss Sturch.

"Fifteen years ago, sir," said Miss Sturch, offering the accommodation of a little simple subtraction to the vicar, with her blandest smile.

"Of course," continued Doctor Chennery. "Well, since Mrs. Treverton died, fifteen years ago, Captain Treverton has never been near Porthgenna Tower. And, what is more, Phippen, at the first opportunity he could get, he sold the place—sold it, out and out, mine, fisheries and all—for forty thousand pounds."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen. "Did he find the air unhealthy? I should think the local produce, in the way of food, must be coarse, now, in those barbarous regions? Who bought the place?"

"Leonard Frankland's father," said the vicar. "It is rather a long story, that sale of Porthgenna Tower, with some curious circumstances involved in it. Suppose we take a turn in the garden, Phippen? I'll tell you all about it over my morning cigar. Miss Sturch, if you want me, I shall be on the lawn somewhere. Girls! mind you know your lessons. Bob! remember that I've got a cane in the hall, and a birch-rod in my dressing-room. Come, Phippen, rouse up out of that arm-chair. You won't say no, to a turn in the garden?"

"My dear fellow, I will say yes—if you will kindly lend me an umbrella, and allow me to carry my camp-stool in my hand," said Mr. Phippen. "I am too weak to encounter the sun, and I can't go far without sitting down. The moment I feel fatigued, Miss Sturch, I open my camp-stool, and sit down anywhere, without the slightest regard for appearances. I am ready, Chennery, whenever you are—equally ready, my good friend, for the garden and the story about the sale of Porthgenna Tower. You said it was a curious story, did you not?"

"I said there were some curious circumstances connected with it," replied the vicar. "And when you hear about them, I think you will say so, too. Come along! you will find your camp-stool, and a choice of all the umbrellas in the house, in the hall."

With those words, Doctor Chennery opened his cigar-case, and led the way out of the breakfast parlour.—*Household Words.*

He who will stop every man's mouth, must have a great deal of meal.

MAID BARBARA.

Of all the maids of Dynevor, maid Barbara is most fair;
There's none hath lily cheeks like hers, and none such golden hair:
Her tread is scarcely heavier, amid the garden flowers,
Than dew-drops of the morning, or gentle summer-showers.

Beside the Dame of Dynevor six maidens ever dwell—
Six maids whose gallant fathers with her lord in battle fell:
There be some for dance and music, and some beguile the time,
Ever chanting warlike actions in minstrel's warlike rhyme.

But the task of maiden Barbara is from the flowers to choose
Which give out the sweetest fragrance, and which have the loveliest hues;
That with these her master's chamber she fitly may adorn,
She gathers some at sunset, and some at early morn.

The first spring-blown anemone she in his doublet wove,
To keep him safe from pestilence wherever he should rove;
St. John's wort and fresh cyclamen she in his chamber kept,
From the power of evil angels to guard him while he slept.

The ancient lands of Dynevor spread many a league afar,
Famous were its knights at council, and valiant all in war;
This young lord is daily longing the king should cross the sea,
And his father's fall avenge upon the Frankish chivalry.

Now knightly deeds and martial tales Dame Dynevor fill with dread,
And to her son she often prays some lady fair to wed;
But of love he spoke too lightly, and laughed at Beauty's glance,
Aye keeping bright his armour for the battle-fields of France.

Once on a Summer evening, his mother, passing by,
Within her young lord's chamber heard many a heavy sigh—
Ah! who should there with tears deplore the cruelty of fate
That made her love too fondly whom she ne'er might hope to mate?

'Twas gentle maiden Barbara, with hands across her breast,
That there alone unto herself her hopeless love confessed;
She slowly through the chamber paced, and many a tear she shed,
Oft stopping to kiss the pillow upon her master's bed.

Then angry waxed Dame Dynevor at son and maiden both;
She straight before her summoned him, and spake to him in wrath;
"What have ye done, Lord Dynevor, to my maid Barbara,
That she should kiss your pillow, and sigh and weep all day?"

Up started young Lord Dynevor, with face fast flushing red,
"No love showed I to Barbara by word or look," he said.
"A simple esquire's daughter, son, were never wife for you"—
But in his ire he answered not, and from her straight withdrew.

To his horses and his hounds he betook him from her sight,
To his dogs he whistled loud, and his sword he rubbed more bright;
O! were the king but ready for the French shores to set forth,
In other than the lists of love he might approve his birth.

But when unconscious Barbara he on the morrow met,
He doubted if those lily cheeks had e'er with tears been wet;
So—through the day much marvelling at what his mother told,
That in a maid so modest love should show itself so bold—

He hid himself at evening behind his chamber-door,
And waited till she entered with her posies drooping o'er.
She took the faded flowers away, set new ones in each urn,
Then to herself all wearily her fate began to mourn.

The sunlight through the chamber ran, and o'er her forehead shone—
It sparkled on the dew-drops bright, each trembling rose dropped down.
"O happy sun! O happy flowers! that here may shine and fade;
Ye lifeless leaves, I envy you, that near him have decayed!"

The sunlight through the chamber ran, and o'er the spacious room,
The pictured wall it lighted, in its stern ancestral gloom.
"O happy faces! would that I were fixed thereon like you,
Or that I could my aching heart to equal calm subdue!"

As though ashamed the light of day her ecstasy should mark,
She waited till the twilight came, then in the growing dark
She kissed his pillow often o'er, and in her love's excess
Scarcely sought in that lone chamber her fondness to suppress.

She left—be from his hiding-place advanced with silent foot,
And through the chamber long he strode, surprised, irresolute;
A sudden tremour seized him as he in the darkness stood,
And felt where all his pillow was with her soft tears bedewed.

Slow through his chamber on that night Lord Dynevor stepped along,
And as he mused, within his mind strange fantasies upsprung;
At what he saw he wondered much, yet on the morrow went
To watch pale Barbara to her flowers pour forth her soft lament.

On the morrow too he came—till it grew his sole delight
To hear her at confessional in the fading summer-light:
Every evening in his covert her coming he awaited,
And to her sobbings listened with a wonder never sated.

But he by daylight through the woods is wandering oft alone;
Rusty hangs his battle-armour, his dogs neglected moan:
Though the king at length has summoned his vassals to the war,
But little now for glory cares the Lord of Dynevor.

O! little knew the mother of the change that love had made;
And that he wed—let wars alone—she still unto him prayed,
Till he one day smiling answered, "If you the feast provide,
I pledge upon my wedding day to show to you my bride."

Then glad rose the mother, and right quickly did she send
To lords and ladies biddance her son's marriage to attend.
Never doubts Dame Dynevor, though the bride be yet unknown,
That noble must the maiden be who mateth with her son.

And soon the halls of Dynevor with revelry resound;
There gather merry minstrels from many a town around,
With gallant knights and beauteous dames of high degree, appear
Bold beggars praying benison at such ungrudged cheer.

With posies fresh must Barbara the nuptial chamber deck,
And weave a bracelet of charmed flowers to grace the fair bride's neck;
But little heeds she what the bells chime in their merry song,
Nor smiles to see the wedding guests march joyfully along.

When the guests were all assembled, and priest and clerks stood ready,
The bridegroom to his mother said, "Now ken ye who's the lady?
I love your maiden Barbara—you may refuse her hand,
To-morrow sails our gallant king to fight on foreign land."

The stately dame of Dynevor awhile in silence stood,
Then thought upon her husband and her lonely widowhood;
"Take Barbara," she said; and to the longing company
Returned to tell they shortly should the bride among them see.

From the garden hears maid Barbara the revelry within—
Ah! 'mid her flowers she vainly tries forgetfulness to win:
Each glad huzza that reaches her but paler makes her cheeks;
But, hark! is that her master's voice? Maid Barbara he seeks.

On seeing him she grew more red than sunrise ere made flower,
But when he took her hand in his, and led her to the bower,
And softly told her how he knew that she had loved him long,
The whitest lily redder was, a gossamer more strong.

Till at length a glance of wonder she dared to throw at him,
And saw his looks were trusty, through her eyes with doubting dim.
There's a step among the flowers, and her mistress stands beside—
It sparkled on the dew-drops bright, each trembling rose dropped down.
The stately dame of Dynevor has kissed her young son's bride.

With a dim and distant motion the bells strike on her ears,
Unreal looks the wondering crowd that round her there appears;
The voices too seem airy, and she smiles as though she knew
It were all a dream-pageantry she could not quite break through.

E'en when her maiden sisters her in silken garments dress,
And sparkling gems braid merrily around each golden tress,
Still she stands as one entranced, and never uttered word
Save the low vow at the altar she gave unto her lord.

Right joyous is the bridegroom, as the guests, with merry voice,
In pledging deep his happiness, approve his gallant choice;
Till amid soft minstrel music the bride is led away,
And the silken path before her with flowers is sprinkled gay.

They've brought her to the bridal-bed within her master's hall,
On that pillow placed her head where her tears were wont to fall;
Two tapers cast soft light around the dim and lofty room;
She sees not now the portraits frown in stern ancestral gloom,
Nor heeds the welcome that her flowers show in their warm perfume.

Then the bridegroom straightway entered, and, standing by her side,
His arms throws round her, asking, "Art thou happy, O my bride?"
"I am happy, I am happy," with closed eyes she murmured o'er;
Joyful bridegroom at that moment was the Lord of Dynevor.

As to catch those words, more closely he leant upon her breast,
And listened fond—till suddenly her breathing grew suppressed.
He raised his head in wonder as her silence he should chide—
"Say once again, sweet Barbara, thou art happy, O my bride!"

But her eyes are standing open, her brow is damp with sweat;—
Faintly heaves her bosom beneath its silken coverlet;
Though her arms are yet around him she does not seem to hear,
While slowly through the whitening lips the whiter teeth appear.

"Speak, O speak one word, dear Barbara!" The eyes are open still,
Beneath each lid a darkness grows—strange fears rise 'gainst his will.
"One other word speak, Barbara"—her arms have lost their hold,
And backward heavily she falls, more fair, more white, and cold.

A sorrow, sudden, awful, that he dared not yet believe,
There seized that bridegroom as he stood upon his marriage eve;
Ah! sadly from the banquet-hall the sound of music sped;
His new-wed wife, maid Barbara, in her happiness is dead!

F. R. MacDonald.

A New Stethoscope.—An Italian correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser* has the following account of a new instrument, which promises to be useful:

"Stethoscopic auscultation established a principle—thanks to M. Laennec—which has at length produced the *Dynamoscope*; perhaps its greatest service. Other Frenchmen had made some approaches in their efforts to find a mechanical gauge for the animal economy—M. Bonnet, for example, with his age-telling Spirometer, and M. Guillet with his Pneumatometer—but M. Colloagnes appears to have won all the honours of discovery by his little steel ear-trumpet, which reports to the practiced ear the organic action and actual condition of the entire body at any given moment—gauges its vital force, its age, health and temperature—indicates the course and event of diseases, &c. The marvelous little instrument, which would seem to leave 'clairvoyance' without an apology, is said to be the final result of a series of experiments in auscultation which led to the discovery that all vital organization gives out an audible sound—a low hum, accompanied by very distinct crepitation or crackling.

"These sounds may be discerned, we are told, by an acute ear, but more distinctly with the aid of a steel or cork conductor; and they are said to vary in a measurable manner with the age, temperament, health and seasons, to indicate the difference between the effects of fatigue and disease, apparent and real death, &c. In complete paralysis, epilepsy and the like, they entirely disappear, though they continue for ten or fifteen minutes after the cessation of pulsation and respiration in death. They are also heard in amputated limbs for some minutes after the operation—as some creatures appear to be alive after losing their heads. The humming (*bourdonnement*) appears in every part of the body to which the instrument may be applied, but the crepitation only at the extremities of the fingers and toes, when one of them is placed in its bowl. I am not aware that any theory has been deduced from these singular results of this new course of physiological inquiry."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The salary to the Lord Chancellor of England is £6,000 a-year, and to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland £8,000. The former has, in addition, £4,000 as Speaker of the House of Lords.

——Robert Burns, son of the Scottish poet (writes a London correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*), has published a letter in the papers stating a singular circumstance if true, namely, that by the existing law of France every person born in Scotland is, by virtue of his birth, a citizen of France! Francis II., of France, made such a law, it appears, when he was husband of Mary of Scots, and the statute being unrepealed, is confirmed by the code Napoleon. Scotchmen are also citizens of Dantsic, being entitled to that honour in consequence of a party of Scottish exiles having defended the city against an attack by Sigismund, King of Poland.

——"A few years ago, a clergyman having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection a date and some names were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was a part of a correspondence, carried on nearly a century before, between the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his early friend the Rev. William Johnson Temple." Such is the account given of the discovery of the letter of Boswell, now published by Mr. Bentley.

——An Incorrigible.—"The Russian Ambassador, M. de Kourakin, visiting the prison of St. Lazare, had his snuff-box in his hand at the moment that he entered that portion of the prison in which women were confined for theft. One of the women, seeing it, fell into fits. After she had been brought round, she was questioned as to what had had such an effect upon her. 'It is so frightful,' she said, 'to see a snuff-box of gold and not to be able to take it.' The Prince said, smiling, 'It is impossible to alter the vocation of some people; this one has the further fault of an exceeding sincerity.'"—*Memoirs of Charles Maurice, in Bentley's Miscellany.*

——Tomb of Queen Caroline and George II.—Queen Caroline was buried in Westminster Abbey; and George II., on his death-bed, twenty-three years afterward, directed that his remains should be placed close by hers—a side of each of the coffins to be removed, in order that the cerements might be in actual contact. This story has been doubted; but a few years since, it becoming the duty of one of the Chapters (the Rev. H. H. Milman) to superintend some operations within the long-sealed vaults, the royal coffins were found on the same raised slab of granite exactly in the condition described; the sides that were abstracted leaning against the wall behind.—*Curiosities of History.*

——We read in the *Malta Times:* "The search for the hidden treasure of church plate, said to have belonged to the Church of St. John, and buried by the French while in possession of this city, has been brought to an unsuccessful close. We hope that the affair was not a practical joke played off upon the engineer department, who are so jealous of their fortifications and bastions. The bastion which had been dug up is now restored to its pristine state. It puts us in mind of a story told of a wag who, to excite the zeal of the archæologists engaged in looking for the origin and foundation of the round towers of Ireland, some years ago, cut on a huge black stone the following words: 'Lift me up, and I'll tell you more.' After the use of divers crowb